TN USA3
UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE NJ
C18ADE(E)831 01
JDG
JD9
C2014

The Nation.

November 26, 1983 $1.25; U.K. 65p

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019

NOV 21 1983

PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

TURKEY'S BIG BITE

Almost ten years after Turkey's invasion of Cyprus, its proxies on the island have proclaimed a Unilateral Declaration of Independence, and have set up a military protectorate and a political and economic colony. The step was taken only hours after President Reagan signed an aid package for Turkey worth nearly $1 billion, and only days after a fraudulent Turkish election which was endorsed by the State Department as a return to "democracy." In its criticism of the new Turkish move, the Administration is hypocritical. It speaks only of "the Turkish Cypriot community," as if that small element could act independent of the Turkish Army. And it contents itself with bromides about further intercommunal talks and U.N. resolutions, regardless of the fact that the Turks have simply used the nine-year period of stalemate to cement their occupation and colonization of Cyprus. As the armorer and paymaster of Turkey, the United States may not have given a green light to the U.D.I., but it most certainly did not flash a red one.

It was with American weapons that the Turkish Army carried out its original invasion. That invasion, which undoubtedly did receive a green light from Henry Kissinger, was conducted in the name of restoring "the independence and territorial integrity" of the island. But the kaleidoscopic complexity of those events has obscured the simple truth from many Americans: that a NATO country had forcibly and brutally occupied the territory of a sovereign nonaligned state. Now it seeks to legalize its ill-gotten gains.

Of course, the Reagan Administration has itself just seized on a murky coup as a pretext for a long-planned invasion, so it may feel inhibited from making these obvious points to the international community. But Congress can restore the arms embargo, which should never have been lifted in the first place.

SATYAGRAHA IN PAKISTAN
Iftikhar Ahmad

THE 1921 MISSILE BAN
William Appleman Williams

NEIL KINNOCK TAKES CHARGE
Mervyn Jones

PRIME-TIME HOLOCAUST
Lawrence Weschler

'TURTLE BEACH'
Dinitia Smith

REAGAN'S GOLDEN OLDIES
Todd Gitlin

JESSE'S RUN

BLACK POWER IN THE AGE OF JACKSON

ANDREW KOPKIND

Black power is an engine that drives the great vehicles of social change in America. The Civil War and the civil rights movement, slave revolts and student sit-ins, Marcus Garvey's separatism and Malcolm X's nationalism: black people's epic struggle for equality and quest for identity create both the pretext and the context for national upheaval and transformation. It is a radical dynamic that pertains to America's peculiar racial history, and in each generation it produces unique politics and unexpected leaders. Suddenly, in this electoral season, the politics are Presidential and the leader is Jesse Jackson.

Both the man and the movement have caught America by surprise and have taken it by storm. The national media plaster Jackson's face on magazine covers, pull him in front of television cameras and tuck him into the most conventional categories of Presidential candidacy. Even the press that can't stand (or understand) his politics makes Jackson into some kind of hero; *Newsweek*'s cover story includes "a Jackson album" of snapshots, showing the candidate in historic poses from college football field to victory night after Chicago's mayoral election last winter. Not since John F. Kennedy burst into celebrity a quarter-century ago has a political upstart so captivated the press and captured attention, space and even *Time*: "He can be fascinating and frightening, inspiring and irritating, charismatic and controversial," the magazine intoned breathlessly.

Such effusions are accompanied by detailed analyses, often with charts, of the mathematical probabilities for Jackson's strategy to succeed in

(*Continued on Page 534*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

DAVIS: THE CASE NOT MADE

Washington

In "Killing 'Katharine the Great'" [*The Nation*, Nov. 12], Eve Pell does an excellent job of presenting Harcourt Brace Jovanovich's case against my book, which I assume was her attempt to be evenhanded. Fortunately for me, truth is subject to more rigorous tests in the legal arena than in magazine articles, where the idea seems to be that truth is no more than the sum of accumulated lies, self-justifications and distortions.

After reading Pell's article, one might wonder why H.B.J. ever paid me $100,000 for damages. It certainly was not because its public charges of my irresponsibility were true—that would have been an adequate defense—but precisely because the charges did not hold up under scrutiny.

It took my attorney, Richard Bellman, less than four hours—the time required to depose H.B.J. chief legal counsel Richard Udell—to discredit H.B.J.'s arguments. Indeed, Udell admitted that his impression of the book had been derived primarily from newspaper articles; specifically from a *Village Voice* piece by Alexander Cockburn, who was then involved with Katharine Graham's daughter, and from a *Wall Street Journal* piece by David Ignatius, whose father had been president of The Washington Post Company. Udell admitted that H.B.J. had made no independent investigation of the charges against me or the book but had merely adopted, and repeated, what was already being said by my critics. To add to the irony of the situation, Katharine Graham, in a letter complaining bitterly about the book to William Jovanovich, said that she had not read it.

Although the money has been paid and the legal issues resolved in my favor, H.B.J. continues to say publicly what has been formally disproved. Hers being the first major piece since the settlement, Eve Pell had a chance to make a difference in the way the issues are perceived, to break through some of the rhetoric. I am disappointed that she chose simply to perpetuate the same old misconceptions rather than to illuminate the reasons the publisher was anxious to settle out of court.

Deborah Davis

DAVIS NOT THE VICTIM

Washington

I tried hard to follow the logic of Eve Pell's article on Deborah Davis's *Katharine the Great*, but try as I might, I could not. Forget for a moment that the piece goes rushing off to a fire that turns out to be nothing but smoke; forget, even, that the word "alleged," as in "the inside scoop on *The Post*'s [alleged!] ties with the Central Intelligence Agency," is unknown to Pell: I simply don't know how in the world she comes up with the "conclusion that Ben Bradlee and Katharine Graham, using the subtle, trackless means available to the powerful, succeeded in discrediting and thus killing a book they found offensive."

In the first place, there was nothing subtle about Bradlee's letter. He bluntly listed the mistakes in the book and just as bluntly said he would not sue. Pell herself enumerates the mistakes in the book (including the fact that Bradlee was not even approached for an interview), making a pretty good case that *Katharine the Great* was a shoddy piece of work. Unfortunately, Pell makes a mistake of her own. Bradlee was not in the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. He merely served on destroyers in the Pacific.

What's a poor powerful person to do? Should Bradlee not have written the letter? Should Graham not have complained? Why is Davis—who wrote a book that reviewers found sloppy and incredulous—the injured party, and not those she in fact injured?

If there is a culprit here, it is the book publishing industry in general and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in particular. A writer who has never written a book before and who has almost no journalistic credentials goes to a publisher and says she will reveal the identity of Deep Throat, Bradlee's alleged connections to the C.I.A. and much, much more—and she is accepted at her word. She then turns in a manuscript that is vetted by libel lawyers but not by fact checkers, and the fat, dumb book is shipped to the stores. It's impossible to conceive of such a thing happening at a reputable newspaper or magazine, yet the book industry, owned largely by Fortune 500 conglomerates, somehow cannot find the cash to employ either fact checkers or editors who can distinguish sloppy reporting from a martini at the Four Seasons.

I'm sorry. Pell has it all wrong. The victims here are Graham and Bradlee, not Davis. She had an obligation to be right—not just to turn in a book.

Richard Cohen, columnist
The Washington Post

'KATHARINE' AND 'NEW YORK'

New York City

Eve Pell does not do justice to the odor of *Katharine the Great*. Both publisher and author stunk up the joint. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich should have recognized the fraud from the beginning. Deborah Davis's recklessness as a writer is apparent even when her recklessness with the facts is not. Although H.B.J. never checked the accuracy of her reporting, the shoddy logic of her prose should have set off alarms at first reading.

As for Davis, she is simply shameless, an embarrassment to her profession. Before H.B.J. killed *Katharine*, *New York* drove in the first stake. I was on the staff when the magazine bought prepublication serialization rights to the book. The editors were pleased with the prospect of breaking the big news about Ben Bradlee and Deep Throat. I spoke against it without changing any minds. But then Davis's excerpt could not pass our fact-checking procedures. We were astonished when Davis turned down a request to call Bradlee, something she had never done, to seek confirmation or denial of her material. In the end, *New York* canceled the excerpt, swallowing a $5,000 loss.

If H.B.J. had shown similar respect for the integrity of its imprint before publication, this scandal would not have occurred. Nevertheless, whether the publisher acted honorably or merely caved in to pressure when it threw the disputed book and its author overboard is a secondary issue. (After all, H.B.J. lawyers must have anticipated Bradlee's reaction, but took the risk because they *trusted* Davis's information.) *Katharine* was a hoax and should never have been published as written. Janet Cooke invented facts about fictional characters; Davis wrote lies about real people. Whose crime was greater?

Why did H.B.J. pay Davis $100,000 to drop her $6 million suit? Surely, the defendant had a case. No principle of law demands a publisher to sell a book it knows to be false goods. I am convinced that Davis was paid off to avoid further unflattering disclosures of H.B.J.'s misbegotten embrace of *Katharine*.

What a mess. And Pell dares to remark that "writers [have] won a great victory." Really? Now writers of inaccurate and malicious books can force publishers to keep them in print.

The Nation's editorial "The Hush Is In" exaggerates in calling Davis a victim of censorship. She is instead a casualty of her falsehood. If the First Amendment protects the right to lie, it grants an equal right for decent people to shun traffic about such lies. *New York* exercised that right; and so, finally, did H.B.J.

If *The Nation* believes *Katharine* was censored, let the magazine put the book through its own fact-checking process and decide whether Davis's story of Bradlee and the C.I.A. should be published as written, or whether *The Nation* should join the company of "censors" at *New York* and H.B.J.

None should be fooled. Sympathy for the underdog—Deborah Davis right or wrong—is neither a smart nor honorable position.

Philip Nobile

PELL REPLIES

San Francisco

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich certainly owed Deborah Davis compensation for its failure to deal with her openly and in good faith. In my opinion, its payment to her is a recogni-

(*Continued on Page 549*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 237, Number 17

LETTERS
522

EDITORIALS
521 Turkey's Big Bite
523 Greyhound Bust
524 Window Dressing
524 The Bad Stuff
525 The Lone Ranger *Geoffrey Fox*
526 *Dispatches* *Kai Bird and Max Holland*

ARTICLES
521 Jesse's Run: Black Power in the Age of Jackson *Andrew Kopkind*
528 The Anti-Zia Movement: Satyagraha Comes to Pakistan *Iftikhar Ahmad*
530 "How Can Humanity Justify?": Missile Ban in Washington: 1921 *William Appleman Williams*
533 Kinnock Takes Charge: Don't Count Out the Labor Party *Mervyn Jones*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
542 Pretty Scary! The Ultimate Disaster Movie: ABC Drops the Big One *Lawrence Weschler*
544 D'Alpuget: Turtle Beach *Dinitia Smith*
545 Dugger: On Reagan: The Man & His Presidency *Todd Gitlin*
547 Dance *Mindy Aloff*

Drawings by J-C Suarès

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editor,* Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Eric Etheridge; *Literary Editor,* Katha Pollitt; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Richard Kaye; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Judith Long, Art Winslow; *Editorial Secretary,* Louise Tallmer; *Carey McWilliams Fellow,* Jane Oski; *Interns,* Anthony Borden, Nicolas Gouede, Seth Grodofsky, Kathy Parrent, Christopher Plourde, Micah L. Sifry, Marjory Wentworth. *On leave,* Kai Bird.

Departments: Dance, Mindy Aloff; *Films,* Robert Hatch; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Dispatches*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Robert Lekachman, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Manager,* Carole Kraemer; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Gertrude Silverston; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Classified Advertising Manager,* George Monaco; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1983 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. Tel.: 212-242-8400. *Subscription Mail Address:* Nation Subscription Service, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Regular Subscription Price: One year, $35; two years, $65; six months, $17.50. Add $7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; $13 per year other foreign. All foreign subscriptions must be paid in equivalent U.S. funds. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days of publication date; back issues available $3 prepaid ($4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, P.O. Box 1953, Marion, Ohio 43305.

EDITORIALS.

Greyhound Bust

In any other industrialized country with a free, democratic labor movement, the kind of assault Greyhound Lines has mounted against its workers would be answered by widespread protests, possibly violence and maybe even a general strike. The bus company is demanding that its 12,000 employees take a 9.5 percent pay cut and forfeit other benefits which the Amalgamated Transit Union, their representative, says could amount to a 20 to 25 percent loss. Naturally, the workers have struck, but Greyhound now seeks to break the strike and in effect destroy the union by hiring scabs to get the buses and the company's profits rolling again for the holiday season rush. The response from the rest of the labor movement is—silence.

The corporate war against unions and workers is in full swing. Most of the battles go unreported. On the national level, the giveback-cutback-fallback syndrome is spreading through the biggest industries, following the examples set by the steel and automobile establishments. There, the late United Steelworkers leader Lloyd McBride and former United Automobile Workers president Douglas Fraser set the tone for labor passivity and surrender in the face of corporate claims that workers' wages represent the fundamental threat to American prosperity.

The Greyhound case is a paradigm for the current state of relations between labor, management and government. The company, which had been wildly profitable for years, says it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is now suffering because of government deregulation in the transportation industry. It cites a few instances in which the fares offered by no-frills, nonunion air carriers, such as People Express, are lower than bus fares. Because of high unemployment and the lack of labor solidarity, the work force is a most vulnerable target for a management attack. During the first week of the strike, Greyhound received more than 45,000 applications for the strikers' jobs.

Labor's national leaders manage to avoid the important arena of struggle by concentrating all their energies on what is surely a peripheral effort: the Presidential primaries and party politics. They believe that if union organizers can ring enough doorbells for Mondale and distribute enough broadsides against Reagan, labor's condition will vastly improve. But it is a vain hope, based on an extremely naïve view of politics in the age of corporate clout. The political climate is antiworker, and national attitudes are antiunion. To change that requires displays of solidarity and opposition wherever management's power is used to intimidate and impoverish workers. Of course, change of that order is harder to bring off than is a simple reshuffle of elected officials. But the corporate war is bigger than party politics, and labor's response has to be equal to the enemy's campaign.

Window Dressing

Trendy Manhattanites are calling it "decalcomania," but some poor people directly affected think it's a cockamamie idea—or rather, Kochamamie, since New York's Mayor thought it up. To improve the look of blighted areas in the South Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Manhattan, the New York City Department of Housing Preservation and Development covered the windows of abandoned buildings with bright-colored decals. The decals depict window shades, Venetian blinds, jalousies, flower pots, maybe even Cheshire cats. The decorations are said to give the decaying hulks a lived-in look.

"Perception is reality," explained Anthony B. Gliedman, Commissioner of H.P.D. The extensive outdoor exhibit of urban *trompe l'oeil* supposedly cheers up the people who have to live in the neighborhoods, discourages vandals and junkies from moving into the buildings and makes the area look attractive to potential investors whizzing by on the Cross Bronx Expressway. The money for the program came from a $300,000 Federal grant, and as Commissioner Gliedman pointed out, the present Administration is unlikely to provide the millions needed to tear down the buildings or even, God help us, make them livable.

Somehow, we doubt that the sight will inspire a developer tooling along the expressway in a stretch limo to assemble "packages" in Crotona Park, on which will rise housing for the poor. The social vision of most New York real estate tycoons is limited to providing $2,500-a-month studio apartments for upscale singles. Could the real purpose of the new look be to keep midtown attractive for corporate investors? When these people see the bombed-out Bronx they get uneasy and think of moving their businesses to Houston. Surely, though, an unprettified South Bronx just might trigger a religious conversion in one billionaire, causing him to give his fortune to the poor. And after all, the sight of Harlem's worst streets from a train window is often a Scarsdale commuter's only view of the way poor people live.

But the blame for the tragic social waste of urban neighborhoods lies ultimately with the anti-poor (as opposed to antipoverty) policies of the present Administration. Perhaps the seed of the decal idea was planted by Ronald Reagan's showcase tour of the South Bronx during the last Presidential campaign. Those tarted-up windows symbolize his Administration's neglect of all this country's South Bronxes. They proclaim a nation's misplaced priorities, its movie-lot capitalism, its governance by a President who believes perception is indeed reality.

All that remains is for the Administration to grab Mayor Koch's idea and run with it. Why not cardboard low-income housing projects? Decal turkeys for food stamp recipients next Thanksgiving? Nursing homes staffed by paper cutouts of smiling nurses?

Prince Grigori Aleksandrovich Potemkin was said to have constructed artificial villages in order to conceal from Catherine II the failure of his colonization scheme in the Ukraine. In the Prince's time, building a few villages did the job. Now, it seems, we have entered the era of Potemkin cities.

The Bad Stuff

John Glenn's image enhancers have been preparing two separate personas for their candidate. The Good Glenn is the all-American nice guy of *The Right Stuff*, a leveler rather than a sharpener of issues, a compromiser rather than a polarizer. The Bad Glenn is a sharp-beaked cold war hawk, a name-caller, smear dauber and insinuator. The good and bad angels have been struggling for months in hopes of winning Glenn's political soul. Now it appears that the bad guy finished first.

Last week Glenn launched what his strategists called a "political offensive" against the liberals and moderates in the Democratic Party. His quarry, naturally, was front-runner Walter Mondale, hardly the farthest left of the Democratic candidates but a target of opportunity for Glenn, who has been slipping seriously in the polls.

"I think the Mondale record reveals a fundamental lack of support for an adequate national defense," Glenn charged. By that he meant that Mondale favored the SALT II treaty, opposed the Trident missile, B-1 bomber and nuclear aircraft carriers, and was unsupportive of other major weapons systems at various points in his career. Glenn, whose most publicized activity this year has been a vote in favor of the production of nerve gas, will not be outdone in his defense of the Pentagon's procurement demands.

Glenn's decision to be tougher than anyone comes in a most militaristic autumn, when the war party is on a high roll and the rest of us are reeling. Candidates must stake out their positions in elections, but Glenn's charge goes beyond

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the usual stuff of campaign rhetoric. It harks back to the worst days of the old cold war, when "national defense" became a synonym for Americanism.

The Lone Ranger

The appearance in New York City of Edén Pastora Gómez, the Sandinistas' best-known renegade, was as tumultuous as some of his other historic performances, though a good bit less lethal. On November 11, he stood on the stage of Columbia University's Altschul Auditorium while an anti-Pastora claque screamed and chanted abuse ("Traitor" . . . "C-I-A" . . . "*Hijo de puta*") and a pro-Pastora claque screamed and chanted back ("*Comunistas*" . . . "Pa-sto-ra"). Pastora, who seemed to revel in the confrontation, serenely explained that he had come to the United States to present his "profound analysis" of "the Nicaraguan crisis" and to make clear why his attacks on his besieged homeland are truly progressive, while Nicaragua's other enemies are reactionary agents of U.S. imperialism.

Pastora's U.S. visit was sponsored by Freedom House, his talk by the Columbia chapter of the Young Social Democrats, U.S.A.; both groups seem to agree that freedom is essentially anticommunism. Pastora is a peculiar kind of anticommunist, however, one who continues to profess his admiration for Che Guevara and Fidel Castro (as well as for Maurice Bishop) while insisting that the Cubans leave his country forthwith. He directs a ragtag army, comprising Costa Ricans, Panamanians and a few Nicaraguans, in raids from its Costa Rican bases into southern Nicaragua; there they steal cattle and terrorize peasants. He is fighting, he says, to make the revolution more Nicaraguan and more democratic, by which he seems to mean that the Sandinista leaders should stop driving Mercedes-Benzes and should hold elections sooner than 1985, as they had promised.

Pastora is a man of considerable military but scant political acumen. Like the gunslinger Shane, he is a hero whose context has disappeared. He has been a rebel warrior since at least 1959, first as part of the violent wing of the Conservative Party, then as a Sandinista and now on his own. In between, he took time out to develop a fishing company in Costa Rica and to acquire Costa Rican citizenship. Like the classic bandit at the dawn of capitalism, he is an extreme individualist who makes his laws with a gun and binds his followers to him by energy and audacity.

But the situation has changed: Somoza is defeated and dead. Today, Nicaraguans face the difficult revolutionary tasks of rebuilding a destroyed society, amid external attacks by C.I.A.-sponsored counterrevolutionaries, and developing democracy—which, translating directly from the Greek, they call "people's power." Those tasks require cooperative and collective effort, which "Commander Zero," who earned his sobriquet in the flamboyant attack on the National Palace in 1978, cannot tolerate. In fact, he not only wars upon his former Sandinista comrades; he is forever quarreling with the exiled Nicaraguan bourgeois (Alfonso Robelo and friends) who are his only visible allies.

Commander Zero's call for defections from the Sandinista Army has brought a much smaller response than he had expected. That is mainly because his complaints about a lack of democracy have little appeal to poor Nicaraguans, who feel that they now have more power over their own lives than ever before. "People's power" means mass participation in local government and in the day-to-day administration of civil institutions, which is just what the Sandinistas' opponents would take away. Thus, many workers and *campesinos* fear that elections might mean not more democracy but less—especially if they brought to authority groups that would reprivatize industry and restore full decision-making power to the owning class. Besides, it is difficult to hold elections while your country is under attack.

Pastora's insistence that elections be held soon is probably rooted in a belief in his own popularity. In fact, it is likely that he would have been elected president of the new regime had elections been held in 1979, since he was the most photographed and best known of the rebel *comandantes*. But now he has killed too many sons and daughters of the people, and has allied himself too closely with their class enemies, perhaps even with the C.I.A., to recover his stature as a freedom fighter. It is a pity that in Nicaragua's hour of extreme danger, he has forfeited the right to raise his "revolutionary rifle" in the country's defense, and instead allows himself to be used by right-wing Nicaraguan and U.S. groups whose concept of freedom would translate into more Mercedes-Benzes for the few and far less power for the people.

There is a legitimate concern about democracy in Nicaragua, and elections will be an important guarantee against abuses of power. However, elections in themselves do not create popular rule, as the continued state terror in nearby El Salvador makes plain. Literacy, economic equality and the experience of broad popular participation give Nicaraguans the chance to develop the most fully democratic government in the region, a chance we hope they will seize and defend despite the grave provocations by Pastora and other enemies of Nicaragua's revolutionary process.

GEOFFREY FOX

Geoffrey Fox is a sociologist and writer specializing on Latin America.

'THE NATION' WINS!

The latest—and we hope final—chapter in the saga of *Harper & Row and Reader's Digest v. The Nation*: By a vote of 2 to 1, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit overturned a lower court ruling and held that *The Nation* did not violate the copyright law in publishing its April 1978 story about President Ford's memoirs. We regard the decision as an important affirmation of the public's right to know and a blow against the idea that a President may withhold public papers for private gain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISPATCHES.

■ SOUTH KOREA: All in the Family

In South Korea the worlds of government, finance and intelligence are intertwined. That was true two decades ago, when an adviser wrote President John F. Kennedy a memorandum alerting him about the impending visit to Washington of Korea's intelligence chief, Kim Jong Pil. The memo stated:

> Kim is the Director of the Korean CIA, and both he and his organization have been involved in practices which State considers questionable, among which was the heavy speculation on the Korean stock exchange several months ago which resulted in a financial crisis. In addition the Department feels that Kim, who is the second most powerful man in the government, uses the secret police as a political tool.

Things haven't changed much since 1962. The banks in South Korea are virtually creatures of the government, and Kim's successors continue to engage in underhanded financial dealings. Last year, the former Deputy Director of the K.C.I.A., Lee Chol Hi, and his wife, Chang Ryung Ja, were arrested for bribery and fraud. Some twenty industrialists and bankers were arrested along with Lee and Chang, accused of bilking several major Korean corporations of an estimated $275 million. Ilssin Steel, Kong Yung Construction and several other companies went into receivership as a result of the fraud.

In September, two Cabinet ministers and nine other government officials were fired for having received bribes from the Myongsong Group, a rapidly growing construction firm. A month later, Lee Hun-Seung, president of Choheung Bank, was indicted along with twenty-eight other bankers in a scandal involving bribes and illegal withdrawals worth more than $210 million.

Huge financial losses resulting from both incidents triggered panic on the Korean stock exchange. Most recently, the price of shares in the Commercial Bank of Korea and Choheung Bank (the country's two largest financial institutions) plunged 30 percent. Some corrupt politicians have lost their jobs, but the government has made no effort to reform the corrupt system. Instead, President Chun Doo Hwan promised that the affected companies would be given immediate financial relief. And why not? After all, several of Chun's relatives were implicated in the banking scam.

■ CANADA: In From the Cold

"All I did was sell a goddamned Russian down the drain." So said James (Long Knife) Morrison, 67, referring to a Soviet double agent, code-named Gideon, whom he betrayed to the K.G.B. in the mid-1950s. At the time, Morrison was a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's civilian counterintelligence unit and was responsible for monitoring the activities of Soviet agents in Ottawa. But then Morrison was caught embezzling $2,000 in R.C.M.P. funds and given a week to make restitution. He did so, and the matter was dropped.

In 1958, however, the R.C.M.P. discovered that Morrison had raised the money he had needed by selling the Soviet Union information on Gideon's work as a double agent. The R.C.M.P. decided to keep that story under wraps, although Morrison was not let off the hook. He was tried on an unrelated charge (passing a bad check), given a two-year suspended sentence and dismissed from the service. The R.C.M.P. did not report the Gideon affair to Parliament or the federal government because doing so could have revealed that the cash Morrison had stolen was part of a payoff to the president of Bell Canada as compensation for the company's assistance in wiretapping the Soviet Embassy.

James Morrison's story first appeared in *For Services Rendered*, a 1982 book by reporter John Sawatsky. At that point, Long Knife went public, appearing on Canadian television wearing a disguise. Embarrassed by this flagrant breach of security, the R.C.M.P. ordered officers to raid Sawatsky's home and seize his notes. (Such actions are legal in uncivil-libertarian Canada.) Last week, preliminary hearings began to determine whether Morrison will stand trial for violation of the draconian Official Secrets Act, which is modeled after the British code.

This all comes at an inopportune moment for Canada's intelligence chief, Ted Finn. In May, he and the Trudeau government introduced legislation creating a new intelligence service that would operate independent of the R.C.M.P. The Canadian Security and Intelligence Service Act would authorize the new agency to collect information about activities "directed toward or intended ultimately to lead to the destruction or overthrow of the constitutionally established system of government in Canada." When asked whether such activities included a province declaring unilateral independence, Finn answered yes. Quebec's separatist politicians, of course, oppose the legislation.

Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurty is also against it. He told *Maclean's* magazine that it "could result in members of church agencies, political organizations and special interest groups having their telephones tapped, their mail opened and their homes broken into for engaging in what most Canadians would regard as legitimate activities."

■ MOZAMBIQUE: Next, the Iron Fist

In the early morning hours of October 17, three bombs exploded on the terrace of the African National Congress headquarters in Maputo, injuring five people. Later that day, South Africa's Minister of Defense, Gen. Magnus Malan, said the raid had been only a "clinical" operation in retaliation for the A.N.C.'s destruction of three gas tanks in a Transvaal town on October 10. General Malan said his government had not yet used its "iron fist," adding pointedly, "Limpet mines and other bombs which explode inside South Africa do not just fall from the sky—they come here with the knowledge and cooperation of some of our neighboring states."

In a broadcast over Radio Maputo, Alos Mancu, a mem-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

ber of the A.N.C.'s National Executive Committee, responded to Malan's insinuation. "Our A.N.C. office in Maputo is like any other office of the A.N.C.—in London, Zambia and Tanzania," he said. "These offices are doing purely political work." Foreign journalists who toured the bombed-out office in a downtown apartment building found no weapons or ammunition. However, a BBC reporter discovered a memorandum that referred to the presence of A.N.C. "soldiers" in Mozambique. South African officials were quick to seize on it as support for their claims that A.N.C. fighters operate out of Mozambique.

While guerrillas are able to survive inside South Africa, some of them probably do seek sanctuary in neighboring countries, including Mozambique. But the regime in Maputo cannot acknowledge their presence without provoking South Africa's "iron fist." Mozambique has been plagued by attacks from the South African-financed Mozambique National Resistance. Hundreds of people have been killed within the past year as the attacks have escalated. Diplomatic sources in Maputo estimate that the M.N.R. has 5,000 guerrillas based in the Transvaal. Last August a group of thirty to forty M.N.R. soldiers raided the Morrua mining complex in the central province of Zambezia and killed two Soviet geologists, Victor Voronov and Minzakir Ziatdinov. An undeclared war for southern Africa has begun.

■ CUBA: Historical Footnote

It is remarkable how Fidel Castro has managed to put the fear of God into an entire generation of Washington foreign policy managers. From the rhetoric accompanying the Grenada invasion, one would think that in his twenty-four years in power Castro had expanded Cuba's domain throughout Latin America. The Cubans have had no such success. Moreover, as the Central Intelligence Agency reported to national security adviser McGeorge Bundy in a March 5, 1964, memorandum, Castro has always been more concerned with being left alone than with exporting his revolution.

The memo, which is titled "Current Thinking of Cuban Government Leaders," and which we obtained at the Lyndon Johnson Presidential Library, contains the following passage:

> Unknown to Khrushchev, a meeting was held with Latin American Ambassadors assigned to Havana. Castro informed the Ambassadors that he would like very much to get rid of "Betancourt and company," meaning Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt and those in other Latin American countries whom Castro lumps together with him. Castro added, however, that he wanted "much more than that to be left in peace." Therefore he stated, if the Latin American countries would stop "conspiring" against him, he in turn would "formally engage" not to become involved in any revolutionary plots in or against Latin American countries.

In a forthcoming report to be published by the Center for International Policy in Washington, D.C., Jesse Biddle shows with impressive documentation that the United States is ignoring repeated offers by Nicaragua to negotiate an agreement pledging mutual noninterference in the internal affairs of Central American nations. *Plus ça change . . .*

■ GERMANY: The Alt Affair

The young and the aged flock to Germany's peace demonstrations, but the so-called *Wirtschaftswunder* ("economic miracle") generation, the 40- to 60-year-olds who came of age in the postwar Federal Republic, are invariably missing. Nevertheless, that generally conservative group has not exactly been alienated by the peace movement—which may explain why a 45-year-old television journalist named Franz Alt was recently banned from the national airwaves. Alt became a threat to the government when he began taking the peace movement's case to that politically potent segment of the population.

The story of Alt's muzzling begins almost a year ago. As the pace and size of the protest demonstrations dramatically picked up, Alt's popular Tuesday night newsmagazine show, *Report*, attracted attention because of its sympathetic coverage. That surprised Alt's superiors, who knew he was a member of the conservative Christian Democratic Union.

Then, this summer, Alt's 117-page book, *Peace Is Possible*, was released. Some in the peace movement disdained its somewhat idiosyncratic message, heavily laced with Christian and Gandhian sentiments (the book's subtitle is *The Politics of the Sermon on the Mount*). Nonetheless, the book quickly became a sensation, selling more than 500,000 copies, and the peace movement could hardly be unhappy that Alt's message opposing deployment of the cruise and Pershing 2 missiles was reaching a wide audience.

In early October, the manager of the station that produces Alt's program notified him that he could no longer appear in any capacity on the show, which he had directed and moderated for more than ten years. The reason, according to the manager, was that Alt had lost his objectivity as a journalist and had become "one who had taken sides." The charge was hypocritical, since journalists who publicly support NATO's decision to install the missiles continue to appear on the program.

The ban imposed on Alt dominated the front pages for weeks. All the leading figures of the established political parties, including the general secretary of the Christian Democrats, criticized the decision, and the Greens said the muzzling of Alt was reminiscent of the government-media collaboration perfected by the Nazis.

Meanwhile, Alt appealed the ban to a court that arbitrates labor disputes. Last month the judge presiding over the case suggested a solution that was acceptable to both sides: Alt may appear on the show so long as he does not report on the missile deployment or on the peace movement. Alt, who agreed reluctantly, criticized the notion that the government-supported station has the right to decide whether "a moderator dare have an opinion, and if so, which one."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

THE ANTI-ZIA MOVEMENT

Satyagraha Comes To Pakistan

IFTIKHAR AHMAD

Although millions of Americans were moved by the scenes of civil disobedience in Richard Attenborough's Academy Award-winning film, *Gandhi*, few of them care about the remarkable example of it now taking place in Pakistan. Since August 14, a nonviolent mass protest against the U.S.-supported dictatorship of Gen. Zia ul-Haq has been under way. Never during Mahatma Gandhi's lifetime was a campaign of civil disobedience sustained on such a large scale for so long against such a repressive regime.

Political activists in every city in Pakistan have been courting arrest by publicly denouncing the regime and demanding the restoration of representative government. Most of them have been beaten by security forces before being hauled off to jail. At least one newspaper has been closed by the government, and three journalists were sacked on government orders because they had written articles urging an end to police brutality. Thousands of ordinary people have held antigovernment demonstrations in the towns and villages and have participated in sit-ins at the entrances to government offices. They have blocked traffic with their bodies as part of a national "wheel jam" campaign. According to press reports, 20,000 protesters have been jailed since August; 170 of them were punished by flogging; a few have died in police custody, presumably after being tortured. Two hundred people were killed in separate incidents when troops fired on crowds. On September 27, soldiers fired on a crowd of wheel jammers and killed thirty-seven of them, wounding hundreds more. Four weeks ago two dissident villages in Sind province were razed and seventeen inhabitants were shot dead as they tried to flee.

Nine of the nation's major political parties, on the right, the center and the left, formed the Movement for the Restoration of Democracy (M.R.D.) and called for immediate free and fair elections as provided for by the 1973 Constitution. General Zia, who overthrew the government of Prime Minister Z. Ali Bhutto in 1977 and subsequently ordered his execution, summarily rejected the M.R.D.'s demand. Instead, he held local elections in October between candidates he had handpicked. Similarly rigged national elections will be held in 1985.

Even the junta is not unanimous in its support of Zia's policies. Retired Gen. F.A. Chisti, one of Zia's collaborators in the 1977 coup, recently called on the government to reach some kind of settlement with the M.R.D. before the situation deteriorated any further. But a few days after Chisti's remarks, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger arrived for an official visit and praised the regime. Anxious army officers have taken the Secretary's words as the Reagan Administration's seal of approval on Zia's policies.

At the heart of the unrest in Pakistan is a fundamental struggle between the forces of democracy and the forces of dictatorship. Unlike India, Pakistan did not inherit viable parliamentary institutions from the British when it became a nation in 1947. Nor did it have a strong indigenous middle class that was secure enough to support democratic institutions. In contrast to the Indian National Congress, the Moslem League, which led the Pakistan independence movement, had shallow popular support until 1946. It had been in existence as a mass party for only a few years and had not developed a grass-roots organization. Consequently, it was unable to establish a healthy party system, maintain a nonaligned foreign policy and challenge the dominance of the military and the bureaucracy.

Although democratic institutions are weak in Pakistan, the people's enthusiasm for democracy has always been strong. Because of its authoritarian ways and its conservative program, the Moslem League was trounced at the polls in East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) in 1954. In 1969, the ten-year dictatorship of Gen. Ayub Khan was brought down by mass protests. In 1970, Bhutto's Pakistan People's Party (P.P.P.) was swept into office in what was then West Pakistan, after promising to promote democracy and socialism. In 1977, having strayed from its pledges, the party came under popular attack. The current opposition to Zia is thus only the latest manifestation of the people's deep-seated desire for democracy.

The forces of dictatorship are concentrated in the military and the bureaucracy, where the authoritarian ethos instilled during British rule is still strong. After the British left, Pakistan's close military ties with the United States served to keep this tradition alive. The mutual defense agreement between the two countries in 1954 vastly augmented the power of the military and the bureaucracy while leaving democratic institutions to languish. Since the pact was signed, roughly 50 percent of every annual budget has gone to the armed forces. A large proportion of the Pakistani officers corps has received military training in the United States, which has strengthened its conservative outlook and encouraged its tendency to seek authoritarian solutions to political problems. Several of the most prominent officers in the 1977 coup, including General Zia, had attended ideologically oriented counterinsurgency courses in the United States.

The military and the bureaucracy, however, have a narrow base of support among the small landed and bourgeois classes, which have few organic links to the rest of the society. These people view representative democracy as a threat that must be subverted or suppressed. In 1954, the popularly

Iftikhar Ahmad is a graduate student in sociology at the State University of New York-Binghamton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elected United Front Government in East Pakistan was denied power by the central government, which declared a state of emergency and installed a nonpolitical ministry. The 1959 elections were canceled by Gen. Ayub Khan's military coup. The 1970 elections were repudiated by Gen. Yahya Khan, and power was withheld from the Awami League which had won a majority of the Assembly seats but was later banned, its representation cut almost in half. (Bhutto's party then had a majority throughout Pakistan.) Zia launched his coup after Bhutto agreed to the opposition's demand for free elections.

In times when democracy is crushed, divisive tendencies erupt. Pakistan's instability was present from the beginning. Some of the ethnic groups that made up the new state had little enthusiasm for the venture. The Baluchis were brought in by a small group of tribal leaders under pressure from the Moslem League; the Pukhtuns did not support the League until a month before independence was declared; and the Punjabis had joined the movement only a year earlier. On the other hand, the Sindhis had supported nationhood for some time. Ironically, the strongest backers of the Pakistan Movement were the Bengalis, who seceded in 1971 and formed Bangladesh, and the Indian Moslems, who are now an Urdu-speaking minority of *muhajirs* ("immigrants"). Divisions between those groups widened after independence was won because power and resources were allocated unevenly among them and they were denied cultural autonomy.

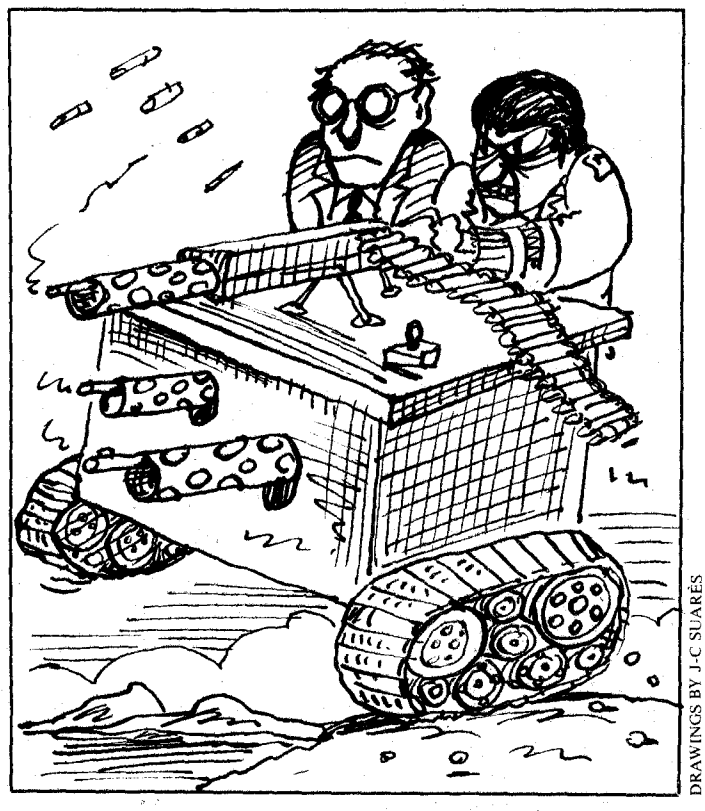
The two national institutions that wield the most power and confer the most patronage are the army and the state bureaucracy, and they are dominated by Punjabis, who make up more than half of Pakistan's population. About 80 percent of the army's personnel comes from the Punjab. The Northwest Frontier province accounts for about 12 percent of the military, leaving Baluchistan and the Sind practically unrepresented. Punjabis hold 69 percent of the jobs in the national bureaucracy; Pukhtuns, 11 percent; Sindhis, 9 percent; and Baluchis, 2 percent. Even in the provincial governments, particularly in Baluchistan and the Sind, Punjabis occupy a disproportionate number of positions. The local people resent their presence and complain about discrimination.

Punjabis have also benefited most from economic development, which has created inequalities not only among classes but among regions. For example, at the height of industrial expansion in the 1960s, the Punjab-based companies contributed 42 percent of the value of large-scale manufacturing. Those in the Sind contributed only 10 percent, while companies in its capital city, Karachi, which is inhabited largely by non-Sindhis, accounted for 38 percent. The Northwest Frontier contributed about 7 percent and Baluchistan, 0.4 percent. The uneven development of trade and commerce is shown in a simple statistic: in the 1970s there were 441 banks in the Punjab, 301 in the Sind (mostly in Karachi), 79 in the Northwest Frontier and 23 in Baluchistan. Lucrative positions in the financial and industrial sectors are filled mostly by retired army officers and bureaucrats from the Punjab. During the Green Revolution of the 1960s, improved farming techniques and mechanization were introduced most extensively in the Punjab, which received the lion's share of credits and other aid. Irrigation projects—for example, the dams built in the Sind and in the Pat Feeder area in Baluchistan—primarily benefited Punjabi officers and civilians, who were alloted large tracts of the newly cultivable land. In per capita income and in education, health care and other social services, the minority provinces also lag behind.

Lacking popular legitimacy, General Zia has invoked the ideological appeal of Islam but with little success. Most Pakistani Moslems are devout, but they prefer mystical Islam, which emphasizes folklore and rites, and which is especially strong in the Sind, to the moribund official variety. Thus the paradox that in an overwhelmingly Moslem country, official Islamic parties like the Jammaat-i-Islami have little popular support, and General Zia's program of Islamization, often cited by the Western media as evidence of an Islamic "resurgence," is generally viewed with scorn.

Pakistan's lack of internal cohesion takes on added importance because of its strategic location. Bounded by Afghanistan, China, India and Iran, the area was a centerpiece in the "great game" played by czarist Russia and Great Britain in the nineteenth century. Today, Pakistan's close ties with the United States, its support for the Mujahedeen guerrillas fighting in Afghanistan and the enlarged Soviet military presence across its border have increased the likelihood that its internecine conflicts will touch off an international conflagration.

So far, Soviet restraint has prevented this from happening. Should the Soviet Union decide to give General Zia and



DRAWINGS BY J-C SUARÈS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the United States a taste of their own medicine by destabilizing Pakistan, it could not pick a more opportune time. Several Pakistani opposition groups, including a faction of the P.P.P. led by Bhutto's son, Murtaza, have been arguing that Zia's regime is not responsive to the people's will. They feel that Pakistan is ripe for revolution. Most of the leaders of these groups are in Afghanistan, waiting for support from Moscow and Kabul. The Soviet Union can also count on roughly 10,000 Pakistani dissidents in Afghanistan, including about 6,000 Baluchi guerrillas. If General Zia continues to repress the civil disobedience movement and assist American efforts to destabilize the Karmal government in Afghanistan, the temptation for the Soviet Union to intervene may become irresistible. □

'HOW CAN HUMANITY JUSTIFY?'

Missile Ban in Washington: 1921

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

As the latest round of superpower talks on reducing intercontinental ballistic missiles drags on in Geneva without results, let me take you back in history to the first such conference in this century. It was convened in Washington, D.C., in November 1921. Speaking of that day's intercontinental missiles in his opening remarks, President Warren G. Harding asked, "How can humanity justify or God forgive?"

As you may have guessed, the missiles Harding was referring to at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments were the great battle fleets that could navigate the oceans of the world and transfer commodities, ideas, people and death from one continent to another. They were a means of exercising power beyond the horizon.

The first arms race of the twentieth century had ended in World War I, a mindless orgy of murder in which 10 million were killed and 20 million wounded. That display of retrogressive evolution had been triggered by the competition between Germany and Great Britain over who could build and deploy the greater fleet. After the war ended, the victors began a second race, and the conference in Washington was called to grapple with the problem of how to curb the awful power of their intercontinental missiles. Many more conferences with the same objective would be held in the ensuing decades, but time has not diminished the urgency of President Harding's question to the assembled diplomats in 1921: "How can humanity justify or God forgive?"

The great fleets were not, however, the invention of the Western Europeans. Ships had been sailing the open seas for at least 5,000 years. Long before the Western Europeans made their first conquests, the Phoenicians circumnavigated Africa and bobbed north to England; the Arabs rode the monsoons to China; and the Chinese explored the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea and on down along Africa to what we call, mistakenly, the Cape of Good Hope. And we all know about the vast excursions of the Vikings, which took them to America, Russia and the Mediterranean Sea.

There is much to be learned about the philosophy and the pragmatics of intercontinental missiles from the Phoenicians, the Vikings and the Arabs, but I always return to the example provided by the Chinese. By the late fourteenth century the Chinese had built the most sophisticated open-sea fleet in the world. Their technology and skills were superb: compartmentalized hulls, delicately and almost magically adjustable fore-and-aft lugsails, center-hung rudders that doubled as maneuverable centerboards and keels, the compass, instruments to determine latitude, routine navigational discipline and log keeping. They had charted the seas as far west as Africa. The story of China's growth as a maritime power goes far back in time, but let us begin in the reign of Chengzu, fourth son of Zhu Yuanzhang, the first emperor of the Ming dynasty. Chengzu assumed the throne in 1403 and took the imperial name of Yongle. He moved quickly, forcefully and effectively to build a vast fleet of intercontinental ships. True, the technology was available, but Yongle had to create a maritime culture on land to build the fleet. The construction of such an armada required the kind of coordination of resources and people that Western Europeans claim to have invented some centuries later. It can be argued convincingly that the open-sea sailing vessel was the highest achievement of humankind up to that time, which covers the greater portion of recorded history.

The responsibilities of commanding such a fleet were equally awesome. Yongle chose Zheng He as his naval chief, a remarkable man who guided the great voyages during the years from 1405 to 1432. Each of them—there were seven in all—had some 300 ships with a combined crew of 27,000. It was the greatest assembly of intercontinental missiles in the history of the world. Clearly enough, had they chosen to do so, the Chinese could have established an empire from Shanghai to the Cape of Good Hope and beyond; but after a major debate among members of the ruling group of the Ming dynasty, that course was rejected. There is no reason to attribute their final decision solely to some special virtue or altruism. Bureaucratic intrigues and the diversion of resources to recapture lands in the north were also factors. Still, in those years there was a revival of idealistic Confucianism, which produced the argument articulated by one thinker of the time:

> Arms are the instruments of evil which the sage does not use unless he must. The noble rulers and wise ministers of old did not dissipate the strength of the people by deeds of arms. . . . Your minister hopes that your majesty . . . would not indulge in military pursuits nor glorify the sending of expeditions to distant countries. Abandon the barren lands abroad and give the people of China a respite so that they could devote themselves to husbandry and to the schools.

William Appleman Williams is past president of the Organization of American Historians and a professor of history at Oregon State University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Emphasize those factors as you will, quantify them if you must, you cannot change the result: in 1433, during the Sung dynasty, the emperor ordered that his nation's great fleet of intercontinental missiles be broken up, burned or otherwise destroyed. The shipbuilders' records were pulped to prevent others from reviving imperial dreams. And their workers and technicians were reassigned to domestic projects.

Western Europeans—and I include Americans and Russians in that designation—have always had trouble understanding that decision, as a recent study published by the prestigious United States Naval Institute indicates: "The timing of Chinese maritime decline could not have been worse, for it coincided with European maritime expansion into Asia."

That sentence is almost enough to transform a Marxist into a Freudian. It is like a slip of the tongue that reveals the truth: "expansion into" rather than "exploration of." The Chinese explored the West and went home. The West expanded into China and remained for five centuries. Oh, yes, Russia was there along with England, France, Germany and the United States. And in the twentieth century, modern Japan—that mutant of the West born of Commodore Matthew C. Perry's "Black Ships" off Tokyo and Yokohama, and Admiral Marquis Heihachiro Togo's annihilation of the Russian fleet in the Tsushima Strait.

Less than ten years after the Battle of Tsushima, the first generation of twentieth-century intercontinental missiles had mastered their makers. Conceived and merchandised as deterrents to war, the great battle fleets became belching instruments of death. The Confucian wisdom "Arms are the instruments of evil" gave way to the great Western fear "Use it or lose it."

The way in which the great fleets were used during World War I transformed the nature of warfare. To the traditional naval missions of engaging the enemy's ships in battle and delivering assault troops across vast distances was added that of denying the enemy's populace food, raw materials and weapons. Civilians became combatants; thus was war dehumanized. The British and American sailors who seeded the North Sea with mines never saw, and seldom thought about, the German children who suffered malnutrition. The German submarine crews never saw, and seldom thought about, the British and French children who suffered malnutrition. The war at sea was, on balance, more dehumanizing than the abominable trench warfare.

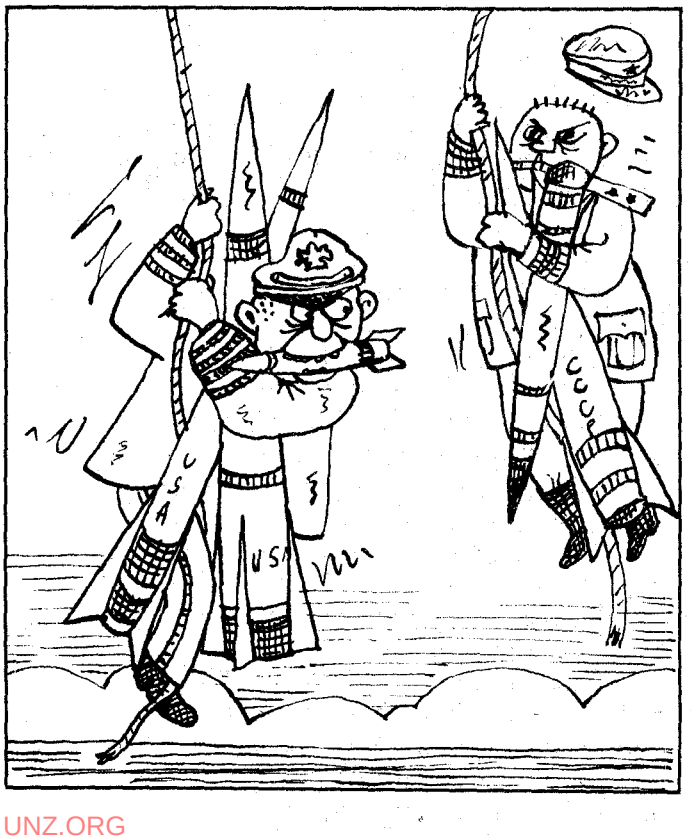
All that happened long before bomber crews went about their killing with their attention focused on abstract matters of speed, altitude and wind drift. The potential of sea power dazzled the mind, particularly the minds of the victors who dominated the devastated world—Great Britain, the United States and Japan. Visions of empire danced on the prow of those intercontinental missiles. The victorious British were in no mood to surrender their supremacy in these new weapons. The Japanese demanded regional superiority. And the Americans offered the other world powers a choice between two versions of an imperial ultimatum: accept the League of Nations or, in the words of Woodrow Wilson, we will build "incomparably the biggest navy in the world. There is no middle ground."

The victors were at one another's throat, vying for the spoils of death. This was hardly a new phenomenon, but the global reach of those intercontinental missiles and the specter of submarines and airplanes extending that power gave pause even to the most hardened veterans of diplomacy by steel and dynamite. In America, the hero of World War I, Gen. John Joseph (Black Jack) Pershing, said it was time to stop the "plunge headlong down through destructive war to darkness and barbarism." And one of his top aides, Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, insisted that the United States had the responsibility to offer a "reasonable proposition tending to remove mutual fear."

To their voices were added those of the civilians, whose husbands, lovers and children had died or been maimed and who had seen the American Dream transformed into an imperial fantasy. Even upper-class leaders spoke out—those who retained a healthy skepticism of the military, who remembered that eerie cultural responsibility to honor and redeem those 1 million killed and maimed in the Civil War and who understood that an economy geared to the production of ever more intercontinental missiles would misallocate its earthly and human resources. The people understood, however dimly, that another war would destroy both the reality of capitalism and the promise of socialism.

It was a great moment in American history. The civilians said no to the military; they said yes to sanity. Citizens in every state, citizens of every class and stake in society, said no to an inane arms race. And their officials also said no to the military.

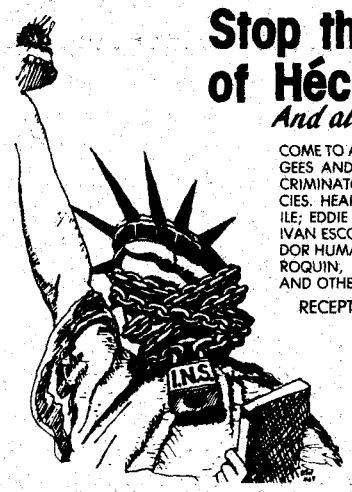
Of course there was the question of power. Elected officials do not like to surrender power to arrogant professionals who have their thumbs on the controls of inter-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF INTEREST

Copies of "Empire as a Way of Life," William Appleman Williams's brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—are available for $3 each. To order, see the Reprint Mart advertisement on page 540. These other special issues will also be of interest: "Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable," "The New Arms Technology," "Nuclear Samizdat," "The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement," "A Letter to America" and "END and the 'Peace Offensive.' "



Stop the Deportation of Héctor Marroquín!

And all other refugees

COME TO A RALLY TO DEFEND THE RIGHTS OF REFUGEES AND TO PROTEST THE GOVERNMENT'S DISCRIMINATORY IMMIGRATION AND ASYLUM POLICIES. HEAR DENNIS BRUTUS, SOUTH AFRICAN EXILE; EDDIE CARTHAN, LEADER OF THE 'TCHULA 7'; IVAN ESCOBAR, EXILED MEMBER OF THE EL SALVADOR HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION; HECTOR MARROQUIN, MEXICAN UNIONIST AND SOCIALIST; AND OTHERS.

RECEPTION 7 PM DONATION $3

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

Society for Ethical Culture

2 WEST 64TH STREET, NYC

SPONSORED BY THE POLITICAL RIGHTS DEFENSE FUND, THE NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD IMMIGRATION PROJECT, AND CENTER FOR IMMIGRANT RIGHTS. CALL (212) 691-3270

CLASS STRUGGLE

BOARD GAME

(new, revised edition, bookcase format)

"an ironic form of Marxist education . . . the game is ingenious, original and entertaining."
—In These Times

"More fun than Das Kapital." —*Paul Sweezy*

AT GAME AND DEPARTMENT STORES OR SEND $16 plus 10% for mailing and handling to Avalon Hill Game Company, 4517 Harford Rd., Baltimore, MD 21214.

CLASS STRUGGLE IS THE NAME OF THE GAME: True Confessions of a Marxist Businessman

by Bertell Ollman

"Perhaps the most riotous business venture in recent history." —Baltimore Sun

"Hilarious!" —Newsday, The Villager, *and Vanguard Press*

AT BOOK STORES OR SEND $12.95 to William Morrow and Company, 105 Madison Ave., N.Y., NY 10016.

continental missiles. The civilians insisted upon the right—the moral responsibility—to decide how and for what purposes they would die. Usually Americans shy away from talk about death—at least in public. But if you get them at midnight, with the kids asleep upstairs, they cut into it pretty well, and most deeply. They do not want to die looking silly, as if they had wasted their life.

So it may be a bit fanciful but I think it is nevertheless true that the civilians understood America would never redeem those million killed or maimed in the Civil War by trying to save the world for democracy through the deployment and use of intercontinental missiles. Even say that they recognized the need to honor the best ideals of our much-abused tradition—a power and a commitment to the best in our history.

At least once in modern times we honored that tradition—at the Washington conference of 1921. President Harding told the military that the civilians were going to make policy, and he relegated the military exponents of intercontinental missiles to their proper role: that of adviser, not policy maker. Civilians would decide the priorities of American society.

And so, finally, I return to the words of President Harding. He was, on balance, a pathetic man. He lacked the character and the will to say no to self-interested, even truly bad, people. But he could and did say yes to people of intelligence, moral force and courage.

One of those people was Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes. He understood how vital it was to control a mindless arms race in intercontinental missiles. I am sure there are people like Charles Evans Hughes in the Soviet Union's ruling elite today who understand that socialism cannot be achieved through the deployment of ever more intercontinental missiles. And there are people like him in America. They all must learn from—and act upon—the moral of my story.

Harding had the wit, even the visceral courage, to trust his Secretary of State, who believed the arms race had to be halted. And so Harding went before that conference of the imperial rivals and asked them to stop the insanity.

"We are but freshly turned from the burial of an unknown American soldier, when a nation sorrowed while paying him tribute," he said. (If you know any history, you can hear in those words echoes of Henry Adams's plea to redeem the million killed or maimed in the Civil War.) Harding continued: "Whether it was spoken or not, a hundred millions of our people were summarizing the inexcusable cause, the incalculable cost, the unspeakable sacrifices, and the unutterable sorrows, and there was the ever-impelling question: How can humanity justify or God forgive?"

Then Hughes stepped to the podium. He knew the time had come to end the nonsense. The dangerous nonsense.

We are here, he began, to honor "the awakened conscience of twentieth-century civilization." We are here to honor "humanity crying for relief and craving assurances of lasting peace. A world staggering with debt needs its burden lifted":

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> Contemplating the measureless cost of war and the continuing burden of armament, all thoughtful people wish for real limitation of armament. . . .
>
> Is it not plain that the time has passed for mere resolutions. . . . We can no longer content ourselves with investigations, with statistics, with reports. . . . The essential facts are sufficiently known. The time has come for action.
>
> Competition will not be remedied by resolves with respect to the method of its continuance. One program inevitably leads to another, and if competition continues, its regulation is impracticable. There is only one adequate way out and that is to end it now.

Let me repeat those last words: "Competition will not be remedied by resolves with respect to the method of its continuance. One program inevitably leads to another, and if competition continues, its regulation is impracticable. *There is only one adequate way out and that is to end it now.*"

It may be that there are no responsible conservatives in the Soviet Union. It may be that there are no responsible conservatives in the United States. It may be that the military is in command in the Soviet Union. It may be that the military is in command in the United States. But do consider the possibility that it might be better for the rest of us to die trying to change their policies than to die as victims of them. □

KINNOCK TAKES CHARGE

Don't Count Out The Labor Party

MERVYN JONES

London

Hats are being eaten all over London these days as reports of the death of the Labor Party turn out to have been much exaggerated. In the current mood of revived optimism, it takes a mental effort to recall the gloom cast by the party's defeat in the June 9 elections. Still, the extent of that defeat must be kept in mind in order to comprehend how much ground Labor must regain before the next general election, which will be held in 1988 at the latest.

Labor's 28 percent share of the vote was its smallest since 1918. The Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance took a 25 percent slice and came alarmingly close to nudging Labor into third place. In England's rural and suburban South, Labor's parliamentary representation was virtually wiped out; in the industrial North, traditional margins in safe seats were substantially reduced. Labor didn't win majority support among manual workers, or among union members, or even among the unemployed. Perhaps the most depressing aspect of the morning-after analysis was the breakdown of the Labor vote by age: the party's strongest support came from those over 65.

Mervyn Jones is a novelist and journalist living in London.

The reasons for the defeat are many and are still being disputed, but one of them, like it or not, is that British elections are becoming more presidential. Parties with unpopular or little-known leaders have won in the past, but it is almost certain that they will never win again. The Tory triumph was primarily a personal victory for Margaret Thatcher. Labor's standard-bearer, Michael Foot, who is nearly 70 and who came across in the campaign as an amiable but rambling professor, proved a weak antagonist. Foot announced his resignation a few days after the election, and the choice of a new leader obviously assumed great importance.

Neil Kinnock was the front-runner for the post from the start and when the votes were cast on October 2, his was a runaway victory. All three sections of the party's "electoral college"—unions, local party organizations and M.P.s—gave him a large margin. Kinnock is 41, and has every political asset except experience in government. A miner's son, he comes from South Wales, one of Labor's heartlands, but his speeches on economic policy are those of a lecturer on economics (which he has been). He is an inspiring platform speaker and a nimble, persuasive performer in television interviews. Identified with the party's left wing since his student days, he has had the courage to dissent from allies when unconvinced by their arguments, and in recent years has distanced himself from what many Laborites see as the doctrinaire extremism of Tony Benn. When he made his first speech to the party conference, on October 6, it was clear that the man and the hour had met. If not Kinnock, who else could Labor have come up with?

Other aspects of the party election are also encouraging. It was conducted with a notable absence of the rancor that had become a sad tradition. Rather than choose their candidate in smoke-filled rooms, as was the custom, many union and local party leaders polled their constituencies. Kinnock's chief rival, right-winger Roy Hattersley, was supported for the post of deputy leader as solidly as he was rejected for leader, thus providing the party with a balanced ticket. If Kinnock and Hattersley can work together effectively, their authority will be virtually unchallengeable. Most of the elder statesmen who held high office in the Wilson and Callaghan governments are going into graceful (if enforced) semiretirement, and Benn's loss of his seat in Parliament leaves the far left in disarray.

Opinion polls show that Labor has gained on the Tories: the gap is 5 percent, compared with 14 percent in the election, mainly because of a slump in the popularity of the Alliance. Of course, the fortunes of all three parties will rise and fall like a roller coaster before the next "grand verdict of the nation," but there are several reasons for thinking the Thatcher government is in for a distinctly bad patch.

Decisions taken by Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson, a rigid monetarist, foreshadow drastic cuts—on top of all the previous ones—in welfare payments, aid to local governments and, most notably, the National Health Service. All across the country, wards or even entire hospitals are being closed, waiting lists for operations are growing longer and kidney dialysis units are turning patients away to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

die. Agonized protests have come from the British Medical Association and the Royal College of Nursing, which are normally as conservative as their U.S. counterparts. Their protests have drawn openly sympathetic responses from quite a few Tory M.P.s, particularly those whom Thatcher has dismissed from office or declined to promote. In addition, state revenues continue to decline because of the recession, so tax increases are inevitable.

Meanwhile, the government is pressing ahead with a scheme to abolish the Greater London Council (G.L.C.) and six other urban county authorities whose boundaries were extended during earlier Tory administrations. The idea is that power should revert to London's thirty-two boroughs, even though this will result in increased bureaucratic complexity and added costs. If the government's plan goes through, London will be the only major city in the world without an elected central government. Nobody quite knows who dreamed up the scheme. It was inserted in the Tory manifesto just before the election, probably as a slap at Ken Livingstone, the G.L.C.'s radical leader. Be that as it may, the Labor majority in the G.L.C. and the Tory minority (who hate Livingstone as much as anyone) have joined hands in opposing the change.

As if this were not enough, Cecil Parkinson, the Tory Minister and former party chairman, was compelled to resign under a cloud of scandal, providing the Tories with their gloomiest party conference in twenty years. True, the political impact of sex sensations is indirect and they pass quickly into history, if not out of memory. Thatcher, however, is especially open to embarrassment on this score because of her rhetoric invoking Victorian values and the sanctity of the family. There was something hypocritical about her decision, upon learning of the scandal, to keep Parkinson on as a Minister but relieve him of the party chairmanship, a post which involves frequent public appearances. Finally, the fact that she retained the unhappy man as Minister until his mistress disclosed the details of the affair, making his departure inevitable, raises an obvious question about Thatcher's judgment.

Kinnock is, sensibly, saying nothing about the Parkinson affair, but the public has recently heard quite a lot about his own happy marriage, and it's a curious fact that sex scandals in recent years have nearly always involved Tory politicians. Kinnock is, however, saying plenty about reductions in appropriations for the Health Service, the ever-rising unemployment figures and the dead-end future that awaits the younger generation. How successful he will be in bringing about a Labor comeback we shall know after the municipal and county elections in May, and the elections to the European Parliament in June.

In the panic of the summer, voices were heard—rather oddly, from intellectuals in the Communist Party, a party which contains scarcely anyone but intellectuals—urging Labor to make a deal with the Liberals and the Social Democrats to spare the country decades of Tory rule. Kinnock is unlikely to heed such advice, and would soon be disowned as Labor's leader if he did. Already, that idea is beginning to look like a historical curiosity, especially in view of the Liberal-S.D.P. infighting, which makes the cohesion of the Alliance dubious. Labor faces a huge task in regaining its lost support and no one can count on success, but the task is being energetically tackled. □

Black Power

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

the primaries. Then come discussions of Jackson's stated or implied positions on what pundits take to be issues in the election: missiles, motherhood and the Palestine Liberation Organization, for three. Finally, Jackson albums usually include an extended essay by the resident philosopher on every black child's dream of becoming President of the United States.

The level of muddle, misinformation, wrong thinking and barely disguised racism in all the hoopla is extraordinary, if predictable. In listing Jackson's "downside," commentators invariably call him "ambitious," "egotistical," "opportunistic" and "driven," as if such qualities were rare among Presidential candidates. Who could be more ambitious than John Glenn, more opportunistic than Walter Mondale, more frightening than Ronald Reagan, more irritating than Gary Hart? But somehow (we *know* how) Jackson is fair game for taunts and teases from the press, while lighter folks get off with more qualified criticisms.

By the same token, the Jackson campaign and the phenomenon of a black political power movement are consistently denigrated or trivialized. Many politicians see the surge of black activism as merely the latest minority bid for the spoils of office (and even that bespeaks a misreading of the history of ethnic politics); one leftish columnist said cynically, "The whole thing will end with Mondale making Jackson his Secretary of HUD, or something." I've heard it said that Jackson's purpose is to "keep the Democrats honest," an oxymoronic hope at best, or, along the same lines, to "revive the New Deal coalition," an improbable medical and political dream.

The cynics may have a point; they often do. The media may be able to frame the Jackson campaign in familiar terms of charisma, clout and the delegate count: those are the most comfortable clichés. Politicians may defang and defuse the frightening and explosive elements of the movement: that is their prerogative. But black politics in the Age of Jackson has a vastly different center of gravity, historical message and meaning. "It's all about power," Stoney Cooks, a longtime associate of Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, told me recently. It's also about race, about class, about enfranchisement and disenfranchisement and about the mechanisms of change in the country. The movement is not peripheral to those transforming struggles in the American epic; it is at the very heart of the upheaval.

The sweep and pace are phenomenal. Jesse Jackson seems to be everywhere at once, commenting on everything, posing

Andrew Kopkind is associate editor of The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with everyone. Even before he announced his candidacy on November 3—in the week of Grenada and Lebanon—he was ranging wider than the other seven Democratic entrants combined: at the Berlin Wall, in The Hague, in Bonn and London, in a New York City armory for hearings on police brutality, at the Lincoln Memorial for the twentieth anniversary March on Washington, in the Waldorf Astoria for a gay rights dinner, in Bermuda for a meeting with a Salvadoran rebel leader, in remote New Hampshire getting visibility and in rural Mississippi getting potential voters to register.

Jackson's is the face at the front, but it is not the only representation of the quickening black movement. There are the triumphal images of Chicago's Mayor Harold Washington, Philadelphia's Mayor Wilson Goode and Boston's mayoral candidate Mel King; the demanding figures of the new local-hero politicians such as Brooklyn's Assemblyman Albert Vann and Representative Major Owens, Los Angeles's Assemblywoman Maxine Waters and Gary, Indiana's, Mayor Richard Hatcher—the granddaddy of the New Breed; the suggestive sight of caravans rumbling through Southern hamlets and Northern ghettos on voter registration drives. There is a rush of new symbols: a black Miss America, a black police commissioner for New York City, a black astronaut. The images become blurred as the old-guard leadership races to join the bandwagon. In the course of a few months everything has moved: the spirit is impatient, the mood is militant, the tempo is rising and the color is black.

The speed of change is unprecedented. At this time last year, black politicians and black politics were nearly invisible in white America. The decline of the old civil rights movement, the force of the white backlash to integration and affirmative action, and the rise of Reaganism had pushed black struggles into an Orwellian memory hole. Only two years ago, Adam Clymer, a senior political analyst for *The New York Times*, surveyed the scene and discovered that "the political influence of blacks in America has fallen to its lowest level in two decades."

The gains blacks had made in employment, education and political office after passage of the various antidiscrimination acts of the 1960s proved to be limited, and by the end of the next decade many of the vectors of progress were reversed. A report issued this year by the Center for the Study of Social Policy, a liberal think tank, showed that the median income for blacks was only 56 percent of that for whites—virtually the same as it was in 1960. Even worse, 45 percent of all adult black males were unemployed in 1982—almost twice as many as in 1960, also a year of economic downturn. Politically, black officeholders are still a token presence, even in Southern states with large black populations. There are no blacks among the eighty-two members of Congress from the seven states of the Deep South, where the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was targeted. As Jesse Jackson says repeatedly in his stump speeches, "Eighteen years after the Voting Rights Act, only 1 percent of elected officials are black. At that rate, it will take us 198 years to achieve parity."

"FASCINATING!"
—Daily News

"SMART! ELOQUENT!"
—Village Voice

"A KNOCKOUT!"
—Eastside Express

"DEVASTATING! SUPERB!"
—WBAI Radio

SECRET HONOR

★ The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon ★

"FASCINATING! PHILIP BAKER HALL IS AMAZING! He makes Nixon arrogant, opinionated, foul-mouthed and vindictive. 'SECRET HONOR' ought to make some people think twice!" —O'Haire, Daily News

"MOTHERGATE! The writing is smart, eloquent and reaches inspiration in some wild invective against Henry Kissinger. PHILIP BAKER HALL's performance makes Nixon remarkably human. His Nixon is old, shrewd, funnier than you'd expect, fairly batty!" —Munk, Village Voice

"A MUST SEE!"
—The Guardian

ROBERT ALTMAN & SANDCASTLE 5 PRODUCTIONS present the LOS ANGELES ACTORS' THEATRE, BILL BUSHNELL, Producing Artistic Director production of SECRET HONOR • a political myth by DONALD FREED & ARNOLD M. STONE • starring PHILIP BAKER HALL • set & lighting designed by RUSSELL PYLE • directed by ROBERT HARDERS

Originally Produced for the Los Angeles Actors' Theatre by DIANE WHITE & ADAM LEIPZIG

Tues. thru Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 & 10, Sun. at 3 & 7:30.

CHARGIT: 944-9300 ★ GROUPS: 889-4300

★ PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE ★
133 MacDougal Street ★ 777-2571

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Social relations between blacks and whites had been similarly stymied, if they had not actually deteriorated by the mid-1970s. Racist chic replaced radical chic (if the latter was ever anything more than a gonzo magazine headline); liberal guilt ebbed and liberal good will dissipated. Liberal malice, on the other hand, became socially legitimate and politically shrewd. New York's Mayor Ed Koch who once marched for black equality in Dixie runs from it like the plague in his own hometown, and there are other politicians like him. The elaborate coded vocabulary used to disguise the racist ethic they promote fools none but the most gullible editorial writers. Black and white voters (and nonvoters) know how to translate "death penalty," "victims' rights," "poverty pimps," "welfare cheats" and "special interests" when used in white political parlance. And they act accordingly on election day. All during the 1970s, whites voted for whites and many blacks didn't bother.

Things started changing a year ago. The black political movement arose from the cynicism, disillusionment and reaction of the last long years; indeed, the movement was fashioned by the despair of the decade following the demise of the civil rights campaigns. It appeared not only *after* that time of hopelessness, of rejection, of broken promises and false starts but *because* of the many failures. That is crucial for the movement, and for Jesse Jackson as well.

Both Jackson and the movement exploded into political prominence and media visibility during the Chicago mayoral campaign of Harold Washington. That contest became the pivotal event in the development of the new black consciousness, what Jackson calls the beginning of "a six-week drama around the [Washington] victory and a six-month trauma afterward." It was vastly different from other black electoral victories of the past fifteen years because it was won in direct opposition to—and at the expense of—white Democrats of the liberal persuasion.

Walter Mondale and Edward Kennedy, the diarchs of Democratic liberalism, came to Chicago to stump for Washington's opponents: Kennedy for incumbent Mayor Jane Byrne, Mondale for Richard M. Daley, son of the late cloutish Mayor. They hardly took notice of Washington's presence or his point, which was that it was black people's "turn" to hold office. The white politicians simply assumed what all white Democrats have assumed since the New Deal: blacks would be satisfied with the leavings of liberal power—the trickle down effects of welfare policies and expanded public employment programs. As it turned out, those assumptions were obsolete.

"Mondale and Kennedy came to Chicago to beat Harold Washington," Jackson remarked to me one steamy morning late last summer in a van bouncing through backwater Mississippi on a voter registration weekend. "You couldn't pay them to do that again. Things have changed."

What happened in Chicago was the beginning of the process Jackson calls the "renegotiation" of the relationship between blacks and the Democratic Party. For half a century, the Democrats have in a sense contracted to provide for and protect blacks and others traditionally rejected by the American system. Blacks were to respond with votes, support, enthusiasm and, perhaps most important, moral legitimacy. "Black voting is always sort of a moral initiative," Jackson said in a speech not long ago.

As the contract has run its course through several renewals but no serious reconstructions, the Democrats have often tried to wriggle out of important clauses. Even the great New Dealer Franklin Roosevelt was lambasted by black leaders for his poor performance; many did not want to support his campaign for a third term. Kennedy fudged on civil rights until the movement overtook him; organizers of the 1963 March on Washington were so suspicious of his motives and wary of his rhetoric that they rejected his request to speak at the Lincoln Memorial.

Lyndon Johnson wanted to be remembered for saying "We shall overcome" at a joint session of Congress; but before that, as he prepared for his nomination at the 1964 Democratic National Convention in Atlantic City, he ordered the destruction of the most important independent black political movement of that era, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. It's a long and sad tale, but the upshot is that Johnson and Hubert Humphrey demanded that blacks give up any hope of independent political standing and submit to the priorities, needs and strategies of white Democratic leaders if they wanted antipoverty and civil rights benefits.

Most whites forgot the Freedom Democrats' challenge soon after the convention. But black activists and political workers—including everyone I met at the heart of the Jackson campaign—remember it vividly. For them, it is the landmark event in the development of black power consciousness and its political expression.

Everything Jesse Jackson is saying this year about blacks in politics—"We want our share," "It's our turn," "Blacks will no longer be the Harlem Globetrotters of the Democratic Party"—was first shouted, in many of the same words, by young black civil rights workers and militants in the wake of the liberal "betrayal" of the Freedom Democrats. I heard the basic Jackson speech in 1966 in Mississippi, when the first cries of "black power" went up; in Lowndes County, Alabama, where members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee settled down to start the Black Panther Party; in Oakland, California, where other black youths were organizing a similar project in an urban ghetto.

In all those cases, black power politics was the specific response to Democratic failures to give organized blacks a share in the power and profits of political control. But as a slogan and an idea, black power is old hat. Why has it taken nearly two decades for it to find expression in mainstream politics?

Jackson told me that blacks had to develop a certain amount of "maturity" before they could assimilate black power concepts and act on them. That means, perhaps, that they had to hear Democratic promises of provision and protection, believe them and see them broken. In other words, they had to want the Great Society and see it destroyed by the Democrats' war in Vietnam; they had to suffer the dep-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECALLS: WHY THEY OCCUR. HOW TO ANSWER ONE ON YOUR CAR.

When General Motors orders a recall, we believe we are providing an important service to our customers and showing again how GM stands behind its products.

Every car we manufacture has 14,000 or so parts which must be interchangeable. Although the reliability of parts in GM cars rivals that of the parts we supply for lunar rockets or for commercial jets, problems sometimes occur and probably always will.

You can't repeal the law of probability. Somewhere a machine tool may wear unexpectedly fast, or a material may have an invisible contamination.

General Motors tests its vehicles for millions of the dirtiest, dustiest, roughest, coldest, hottest miles imaginable. We even put our newly developed vehicles and parts into thousands of taxis and other fleets in dozens of locations all over North America. The goal: to put on real-life mileage fast. But even this is not the same as billions of miles driven by customers through every possible road, climate and maintenance condition.

Then the law of probability comes into play, especially since we produce millions more vehicles for North America than any other manufacturer. Although all car and truck manufacturers—both foreign and domestic—have recalls, we're a little more noticeable because of our numbers.

If you receive a recall notice on your car, you may feel like taking a gamble and ignoring it. Please don't. Answer it promptly. Follow the instructions in the letter. Recalls are initiated to protect your safety or to keep your car in good running order.

We publicize recalls so car owners will be aware of them. By federal regulation, General Motors has to notify owners by letter and report to the government on the progress of a recall for 18 months. **We go beyond the federal requirements. GM dealers send follow-up letters to owners if no response is received the first time.** In addition, GM dealers can use our CRIS (Computerized Recall Identification System) to tell you instantly of any recall work necessary on a vehicle recalled during the last 7 years. This is important to know when buying a used car. Ask any GM dealer for this information.

If you hear on television or radio of a recall which you think applies to your car, please follow these steps for your convenience.

- —First, wait until you receive a letter from us saying your car has been recalled. It may take some time before mailing lists can be compiled and parts can be distributed to the dealers.
- —Then call your dealer and give him the recall campaign number supplied in the letter. He will arrange an appointment to have the repairs made. This could save you time and could help the dealer to schedule his busy service department.

If you have read or heard in the media about a recall campaign, but don't receive a letter within a month, ask your dealer to check the dealer bulletin or CRIS to see if your vehicle is affected. Give the dealer your vehicle identification number, which you'll find on your car's title, registration or warranty folder. It can also be found on the instrument panel just inside the windshield on the driver's side.

There are cases in which the auto manufacturers and the government differ over the seriousness of a problem. And these instances sometimes receive a great deal of publicity. But such situations are the exception.

Almost all of our recalls are voluntarily started by General Motors before the government is involved.

If your car needs to be recalled for any reason, please don't ignore the notice. Taking care of those problems in your car is good for you and good for us.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

radations of corporate conservatism under Nixon; they had to plead for a better deal from Carter and see that hope deferred by the exigencies of Democratic inflation-fighting and cold-warmongering, and they had to bear the brunt of Reaganism's ravages, unaided and hardly comforted by their Democratic protectors. It's no wonder that in Chicago, blacks refused en masse to follow Mondale and Kennedy and give their votes, or their moral approval, to the white establishment which had led them on and let them down so many times.

To follow the political logic of black power politics is easier than to chart its future. But to see what the result of renegotiation may mean, it is best to start with Jesse Jackson's concept of black voting as a moral initiative. That view is surely more than bluff and pride. Black political activity has a unique potential in the American electoral scheme as a strategy in the struggle for justice and equality. That is not to say black votes count for more than those of any other group, but the fact of racism and the history of black exclusion give black electoral movements a special spiritual force.

A corollary to the formulation of moral initiative is Jackson's notion, which he explained to a New York audience recently, that "most other groups ride on the coattail of black strategy." That is not an altogether endearing insight: scores of self-perceived or self-constructed voting communities pretend to pre-eminence, not to mention political leadership. Whites of all stripes have historically ignored blacks and dismissed race as irrelevant or dangerous in political organization. Leftists sometimes call race mere "superstructure" over a class and economic fundament—an ideological maneuver that allows them to support whites against blacks in hopes of mobilizing the working-class racist vote for an economic "populist." Many liberals will plead "color blindness" at election time in order to preserve the myth of democratic equality. Most people, of course, simply shut race out of their mind when not actively expressing contempt or practicing violence against the nearest minority target. But because racism is a paradigm for every other ideology of exclusion, campaigns to combat it—black political campaigns—can provide an example for every other struggle in the system.

Jackson's "rainbow coalition" is an attempt to organize the political strength of all deprived and rejected constituencies around the moral force and political energy of the black movement. It is no gimmick, and although Jackson may throw the term around too breezily, he is deadly serious about it. It is the essence of his campaign.

"The civil rights movement . . . laid the foundations, provided the climate and in many instances trained the initial organizers of the women's, gay, antinuclear, environmental and other movements of the seventies and eighties," he told the audience at the gay Human Rights Campaign Fund dinner in New York. "Discrimination, oppression and on occasion genocide have been used to force blacks, women and Native Americans into their proper place. All of us feel deprived in twentieth-century America, and America is still organized by cash—the cash system that is still dominated by white males."

The political demands of the rainbow coalition, implicit in its construction and explicit in Jackson's speeches, are extraordinary. They are racial, sexual, economic and ideological. What other major-party candidate in this century has talked about deprivation in a "cash system dominated by white males"? No wonder Jackson is scaring conventional politicians half to death.

Bruce Bolling, Boston's black City Councilor, told a reporter last spring that Jackson "may be viewed as threatening. He's talking about a coalition of people on the outside, and in some quarters people might be anxious about that kind of direction."

It is enormously difficult to convince even a fraction of the "people on the outside" that their interests lie in political coalition, and even harder to talk them all into accepting black leadership—much less Jesse Jackson. And yet it makes perfect sense. The Democrats understand it, but their coalitions have always served the purposes of the white male cash system. Jackson's campaign would establish an opposition to that dominance.

For its part, the Democratic Party leadership seems to have given up on opposition. It has supported Reagan in his imperial invasions; it has grown silent in the face of the business recovery; it has adopted "neoliberal" prejudices against labor, the poor, social welfare and economic redistribution. It is left to Jesse Jackson to stake out opposition ground on Grenada and Lebanon, for instance, on the nuclear arms race and corporate accountability and racial equity. It would hardly be an election campaign without him.

It should be said, although it hardly needs saying, that the contradictions in his candidacy and in the black political movement are heavy enough to bring the whole thing down at any time with just a little shoving. There will be plenty of that. Jackson's personality, background, faults and foibles will be excruciatingly exploited. He is so far out of the mold of the typical political candidate that almost everything he ever said or did, or says or does, can be used to invalidate his effort. Is the bookkeeping at PUSH (his Chicago-based organization, People United to Serve Humanity) messy? Did he say the wrong thing on abortion? Did he offend Jews, social democrats, environmentalists, lesbians? Probably. He makes a lot of mistakes, even in his own terms. But until now, at least, he has not been crafting a serious bid for the Presidency, and he has not stopped along the way to think that everything can, and will, be used against him.

"America rejects and excludes more people than it accepts and includes," Jackson said in announcing his candidacy. On paper, the rainbow coalition easily constitutes the "new majority" Jackson proposes. But it is hardly solid, even in its primary colors. There are major—perhaps irreparable—flaws in its construction:

§ *Women.* Jackson seems stronger on feminist issues and feminism itself than any candidate in history. From the start, he has said that political tickets must be "balanced" sexually and racially, not simply regionally or ideologically (that is, on the liberal-conservative spectrum). He has vir-

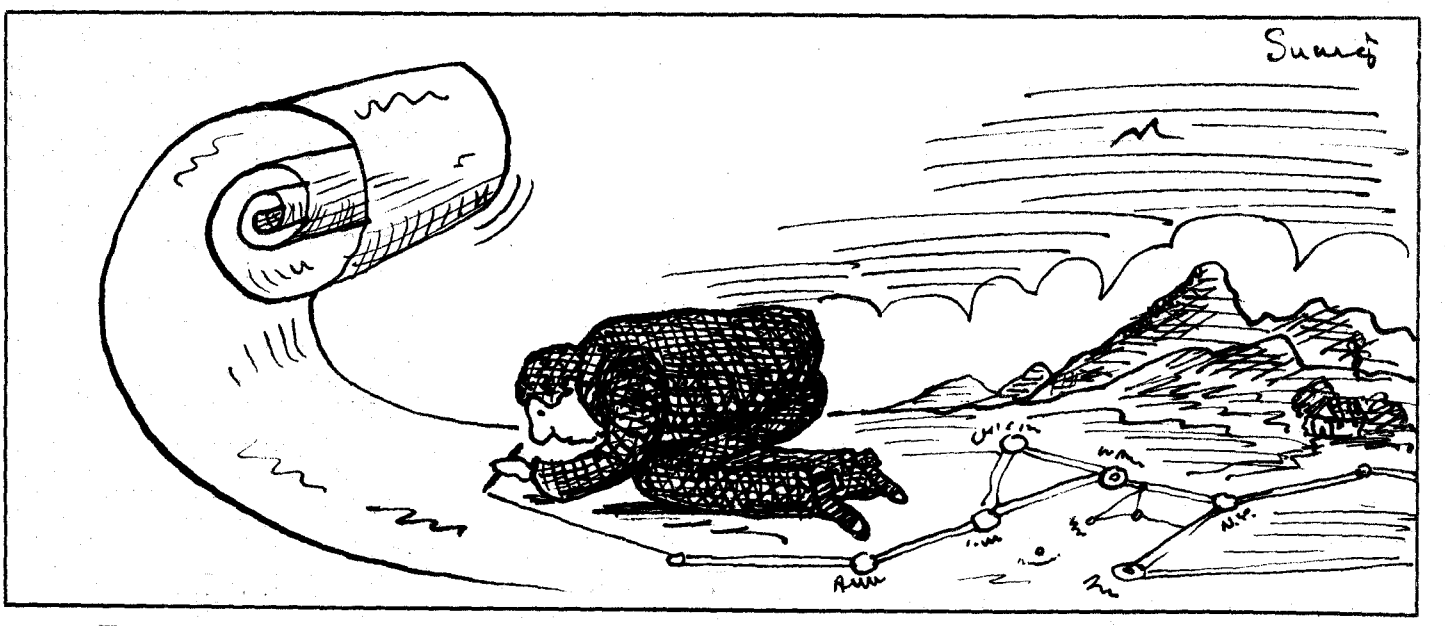
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tually promised to pick a woman as his running mate, and his insistence on political parity for women puts pressure on other Democrats to follow suit. Prominent black women are among his advisers. Shirley Chisholm, for example, was beside him when he announced his candidacy. But many feminists do not trust Jackson. They dislike his black Baptist style, they don't accept the macho attitudes of the black society he inhabits and they detect politically incorrect nuances in his public statements. For instance, when he invoked the names of Indira Gandhi, Golda Meir and Margaret Thatcher as proof that women can run governments, at the November 12 rally in Washington, D.C., against U.S. interventionist policies, many women in the throng booed. He must get a better sense of what his female audiences expect lest he alienate them irrevocably.

§ *Blacks.* The press picked up on black leaders' opposition to Jackson as soon as he started running. In a *60 Minutes* interview on the Sunday before Jackson announced, Mike Wallace ticked off what he thought was a damning litany of black critics: Coretta Scott King, Julian Bond, Andrew Young, Tom Bradley, Wilson Goode. It's a long list, although Jackson's roster of prominent black supporters is longer. But there are fundamental political differences between the two groupings. Many of Jackson's critics owe their status and power to white liberals and the Democratic Party. Some of them, King and Bond for example, have national white constituencies; the big-city Mayors in the group owe their elections to the white "swing" vote—whether it is 10 percent or 40 percent of the electorate. But leaders with a powerful black base (Congressional representatives from districts with black majorities, for instance) tend to be Jacksonians. And black voters seem far ahead of those critical leaders in their support for Jackson.

§ *Jews.* Jackson generally includes Jews among the rejected minorities he hopes to organize. In his announcement speech he said, "I know the pain of anti-Semitism because I have felt the humiliation of discrimination." His staff believes he will get substantial support from Jews on the left, some Jewish liberals and many Jewish students. But the tensions and antipathies that have developed between Jews and blacks in the last fifteen years cannot be overcome in a brief campaign. In many ways, Jews have led the opposition to black power in recent times. At least, their opposition has drawn attention in the media. Whereas major Jewish organizations supported the 1963 March on Washington, only a handful of Jewish groups joined in the twentieth anniversary demonstration. The reasons are familiar and well reported: black sympathy for the Palestinians, Jewish distaste for affirmative action quotas, and racism in both camps. Two weeks ago, an otherwise unidentified organization calling itself Jews Against Jackson signed a somewhat hysterical advertisement in *The New York Times.* Under a photograph of Jesse Jackson and Yasir Arafat in close embrace, the ad made it clear that Jackson was *very* bad for the Jews. The next day, Jewish leaders condemned the ad and the organization, which they said was a Jewish Defense League front. But hostility toward Jackson is widespread in the Jewish community, and there seems to be no way on earth for him to get significant contributions from those Jews who have traditionally filled liberal Democratic war chests.

§ *The left.* If any group is excluded and ignored in American politics, it is the left. Leftists belong in the rainbow coalition, if anyone does, but many of them harbor strong objections to Jackson. For some, it is a matter of taste and style. Jackson and his people don't speak the left's language: they don't read the key books and magazines, go to the important political events, know the right movies, restaurants and resorts. Black funk is maddeningly different from left funk. Old and New Leftists have been proposing coalitions much like Jackson's for years, but the blacks were always supposed to join them, not lead them. Hard-line leftists worry that Jackson is not a Marxist ("He's like Maurice Bishop," one demonstrator at the November 12 rally told me. "He's more black than socialist"). Soft-line leftists worry about a white backlash to the campaign. John Judis, writing in *In These Times,* repeats Republican strategist Kevin Phillips's contention that Jackson will pro-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation Reprint Mart.

Latin America: A Political Guide.
An invaluable survey of thirty-three Latin American countries by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s award-winning Latin American correspondent.

A Letter to America.
The Nation January Inauguration issue was devoted entirely to E.P. Thompson's compelling essay on the clear and present danger of nuclear war.

Intervention.
Under what conditions, if any, is military (or other) intervention ever justified? An entire issue of *The Nation* on the subject of intervention contains the papers presented at a Conference on Intervention, co-sponsored by *The Nation* and the Columbia University School of International Affairs.

END and the "Peace Offensive."
Warning that the peace movement must not be caught "sleepwalking," E.P. Thompson outlines the dangers of the Soviet "peace offensive," and urges the movement to eschew the seductions of both superpowers. Also included is a lively exchange of letters between Thompson and Norman Solomon, co-author of "Killing Our Own," debating the controversial issues raised by Thompson's brilliant essay.

Empire as a Way of Life.
William Appleman Williams' brilliant analysis of America's life with an empire—and the implications of life without one—was the focus of this special issue that was distributed to the delegates at the 1980 Democratic National Convention.

The Selling of Japan.
From every quarter American business is urged to adopt some feature of Japan's stunningly successful economic model. But is this model applicable to the United States? What are the implications of Japanese solutions to the problems of American business? This issue opens up and expands the "Japan debate," while shattering some of the myths about the Japanese economic system now in circulation.

Feminist Books.
Today, an exciting new feminist scholarship is re-evaluating a host of subjects from sexuality to the history of socialism to coeducation. This special issue offers an up-to-date sampling of recent offerings in a field that is more lively, contradictory and urgent than ever.

Myths of the Middle East.
This special issue of *The Nation* is devoted to breaking the logomachy jam in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by subjecting the emotion-sodden rhetoric that weighs down current thinking to a blast of fresh ideas.

Nuclear Samizdat.
What do Russians think about the nuclear arms race? Two prominent Marxist dissidents, historian Roy A. Medvedev and biologist Zhores A. Medvedev, provide the unofficial viewpoint with a clarity rarely found in the American press.

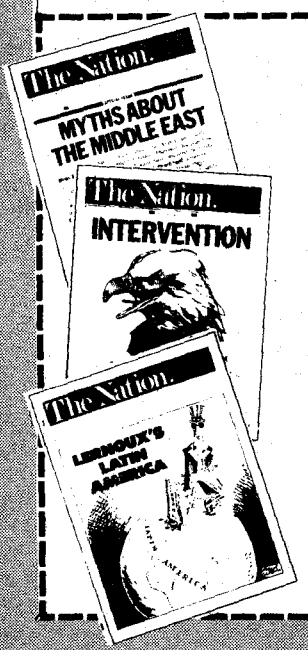
El Salvador.
A compilation of *Nation* articles on Central America and El Salvador, including an early debunking of the famed "White Paper" by James Petras.

Disarmament: Covering the Unthinkable.
In this special issue Richard Pollak takes a critical look at the media coverage of the indisputably most important issue facing mankind; Michael Kazin gives a brief history of the birth of the freeze movement; and David Corn presents a useful directory of organizations working on the disarmament issue.

The New Arms Technology.
From the catapult to particle beam weapons, the engineering of death has concentrated more attention and resources than any other human endeavor. Nine leading experts explore and explain the latest arms technology—both "conventional" and nuclear—and trace the political decisions which have led us closer to Armageddon than ever before.

The Campaign to Smear the Nuclear Freeze Movement.
Frank Donner offers a provocative analysis and thorough documentation of the outrageous attempts by right wingers in media, Congress and the Administration to discredit the nuclear freeze movement, charging that it is inspired and manipulated by the Soviet Union.

Back Issues of The Nation.
Back issues are $3.00 each. This includes postage and handling. (There is limited availability on some back issues.)



THE NATION REPRINT MART ORDER FORM

REPRINTS (each title)	Qty.	Name	Total
1 copy—$3 10 copies—$8 50 copies—$30 100 copies—$50 1,000 copies—$300			
BACK ISSUES $3.00 each		Date	
		Date	

SEND TO:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax _____

Total Enclosed _____

Mail check or money order to The Nation Reprint Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. **Prepayment is required. (U.S. currency only.)**

NR8342

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voke white Southerners to come out in droves for Reagan, thus assuring the President's re-election.

§ *Liberals.* Jackson's coalition redefines political constituencies in America; it does not regard liberals and conservatives, for instance, or Northerners and Southerners, as having the kind of self-consciousness or class interests that would impel them to join an opposition movement. But liberals who sympathize with Jackson's campaign could make a big difference—*the* difference—in how well it succeeds. Liberal support, however, is far from assured. Liberals feel much more comfortable with ideas than with power, and Jackson, as Stoney Cooks said, "is about power." Jackson has not spelled out his position on many issues. What does he think about reindustrialization? Regulatory policy? The international debt crisis? In fact, the Jackson campaign seems to project an aura of power rather than to distribute an endless stream of position papers, and this image is unsettling to voters who choose their candidates on the basis of a careful weighing of "the issues." Such people might prefer George McGovern or Alan Cranston, who play their liberal politics the old-fashioned way. Neither of those candidates can now claim (as McGovern did in 1972) to be part of a powerful social or political movement, to be building political institutions beyond their candidacies, to have consequences beyond their likely defeat. The strength of Jackson's coalition is that it has the potential to loom larger, and to last longer, than the campaign that launches it.

§ *The poor.* The rainbow coalition is a class action: it embraces those who do not have wealth and power and it opposes those who do. Although the coalition has corporate friends, it makes clear that the ruling class is the enemy. But the poor and the "welfare class"—or, more to the point, their organizers and spokespeople—may not see things that way. Jackson has never been keen on the welfare system; he says it creates dependence on government and is humiliating and debilitating. That is an opinion shared by the Republican right and the radical left, although those two groups propose diametrically opposite solutions to the "welfare mess." The right wants to dismantle the system; the left would substantially redistribute income and wealth. But some welfare organizers think Jackson will simply fuel the opposition to welfare without assembling the power to change it for the better. Writer-activists Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward have also been organizing a campaign to register low-paid workers and welfare recipients. They argue—in the same vein as Jackson—that those who do not vote make the crucial difference in elections, and that most nonvoters are from the excluded classes. The Piven-Cloward strategy, however, does not propose a candidate or campaign; it presumably would help any contender who promises quantitative and qualitative improvements in the social service system and other egalitarian economic measures. Jackson may get some benefits from that voter registration drive, but he will have to be clearer and firmer about his plans for change.

Beyond the problems of the rainbow coalition is the broader question of the future of the movement Jackson leads. The political mathematicians may figure out a theoretical way to beat the incredible odds and get him the nomination; but the only realistic forecast at this point shows Jackson going to the Democratic convention in San Francisco with a respectable but uncommanding block of votes, a wave of black support, some rainbow shine and an impressive record as a voter registration wiz. He might be able to parlay all that into the crucial margin of delegate support for one or another candidate. But the nomination could already be decided in the primaries. Does Jackson then bid for a Vice Presidential nomination—for himself or, say, a woman he supports? Does he settle for a moment onstage with the white nominee, their hands clasped and their arms held high?

Does he walk out—or slip away—and begin the long, arduous and highly problematic effort of building an independent political movement, a permanent coalition of the people on the outside, the natural successor to the civil rights movement in its last days before Martin Luther King Jr. was killed? King had begun to broaden his constituency. He was adding "class" to "race" and "civil rights"; he was in Memphis in April 1968 to lead a garbage workers' strike. Jackson may have been boasting when he called himself King's successor, but he has the opportunity to make good on that claim now.

"I plan to have the longest and widest coattails of any candidate in this race," Jackson says, and he promises to field 10,000 rainbow candidates for office at every level in the 1984 election. That popular effort could be the foundation for a permanent movement outside the Democratic Party, with its own social institutions and political functions. "We don't need the Democrats or the Republicans," Jackson boasts, and he will try to prove his point. Opposition in America lacks a sustaining culture; Jackson's coalition offers the intriguing possibility of creating one.

The thrust of the campaign and the movement this fall may be discernible, but there is no way to see with any certainty what its shape will be next summer. The meaning has not yet "meaned" itself. Jesse Jackson is not the kind of public personality who has a master plan mapped out for years to come—as Kennedy was supposed to have had when he began his Presidential career in one Congressional district of Massachusetts. The movement is moving as fast under Jackson's feet as he can run with it, and there is no end to that course in sight. □

Were the Rosenbergs Really Soviet Spies?

Read "Sorting Through 'The Rosenberg File,'" by Irwin Silber, an analysis of the new book by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton which demonstrates how the authors' own ideological blinders lead them to misread their own evidence and construct a theory with no substance to it.

For the issue of the newspaper *Frontline* which includes this special supplement, send $1.00 to *Frontline*, P.O. Box 2729, Oakland, CA 94602.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

PRETTY SCARY! THE ULTIMATE DISASTER MOVIE

ABC Drops the Big One

LAWRENCE WESCHLER

The first forty-five minutes of *The Day After*, ABC's dark chronicle of all-out nuclear war, establish it as the disaster movie to end all disaster movies. Indeed, by so assiduously following the conventions of the genre—the banal bustle of daily American life, the stylized characters facing stylized dilemmas—screenwriter Edward Hume and director Nicholas Meyer have retrospectively illuminated what earlier disaster movies were really about. Whether thrusting our empathies into the maw of a giant shark or through the shaft of a flaming skyscraper, disaster movies have been playing microcosmic variations on our worst macrocosmic fear—maybe that's why they've proven so eerily successful during the past decade.

The Americana of the first part of *The Day After* is even more banal than usual. The film is set in Lawrence, Kansas, smack-dab in the middle of the country and right in the middle of the road. Everyone we meet is middle class or higher (the players include Jason Robards, John Cullum, Jobeth Williams, Steve Guttenberg, Bibi Besch, Lori Lethin and John Lithgow). There are no ghettos in town (the principal black character is an Army technician), no agribusinesses on the outskirts (the rippling seas of wheat we see in the film's opening credits appear to be managed by a family right out of Norman Rockwell). Meyer is preparing a perfect America for its perfect holocaust.

It creeps up slowly, by way of television bulletins. At first the characters are nonchalant—this is just one more crisis (this time in Germany), nothing to get all bent out of shape over; anyway, there are weddings to plan, operations to schedule, classes to register for. But the crisis deepens, and one by one, the characters focus a bit more intently on the quickening news bulletins. By the film's middle half-hour (its best), things are moving very quickly indeed. Meyer's greatest accomplishment may be the uncanny realism with which he evokes the confusion of the half-hour of real time just preceding a full nuclear spasm. "Unconfirmed" and often contradictory reports hurl themselves off the lips of increasingly edgy newscasters over thousands of car radios deadlocked in traffic jams: Soviet armies have crossed the border into West Germany . . . unconfirmed reports that three nuclear bursts have gone off over advancing Soviet troop concentrations . . . unconfirmed reports that NATO headquarters in Brussels has suffered a direct nuclear hit . . .

One of the most difficult things for a filmmaker working the nuclear field is to imagine even one fresh image. Mushroom clouds, freeze frames, whirring computers and clicking switches no longer evoke our deepest responses. Meyer uses all of those, but he adds a touch of his own: his middle Americans realize war has begun when, looking out their windows, they see *our own missiles taking off*. The earth trembles as plumes of beige smoke rise lazily skyward, trailing perverse associations with that other Kansas epiphany, "Somewhere, over the rainbow . . ." Each character figures it out for him- or herself: in thirty minutes those arcs will touch down somewhere in the Soviet Union, which means that in thirty minutes, or even sooner . . . Radios and televisions, at any rate, are soon worthless: moments before the Soviet missiles arrive, all engines and motors and transponders go dead, the traffic jam falls silent, as the electromagnetic pulse from the first explosion, far to the north, fuses electrical circuits across the continent.

The setup works: for half an hour we feel sick—all wet and spongy and purple inside. The last forty-five minutes of the movie are relentlessly anticlimactic. But then, how could they be otherwise? Indeed, one of Meyer's themes is that in a nuclear holocaust nothing would be redeemed, no sense recovered. The disaster-movie matrix of the first half yields particularly ironic fruit: narrative falls away (nothing can stand up to the holocaust's power to trivialize instantly); such fates as the characters now manage to play out have nothing whatsoever to do with the moralizing agenda characteristic of the genre. Good, strong, wise, cautious people die terrible, odd deaths (radiation poisoning, starvation, pandemics, banditry), major characters disappear without further mention, others survive—and none of it for any apparent reason. The strongest image from this section of the film is a recurrent one of radio operators at what's left of the university fumbling at their makeshift ham dials, trying to contact other survivors, trying to find out what happened, who started it all, who won: "This is Lawrence, this is Lawrence, Kansas, is anybody there?" All they get is static as we realize, along with them, that no one will ever know the answers to such questions. The image is particularly resonant: the survivors have lost contact with the world we live in, just as we, watching the television set in the comfort of our living room, cannot possibly make contact with them. Of course, the kicker comes as we realize that they *are* us, or a possible us.

Unfortunately, neither the film's creators nor ABC can sustain the film's inexorable logic. Near the end, a voice pierces the static. It's the President, reassuring the survivors that government emergency teams are already assessing the damage and charting plans for reconstruction. The scene is played for irony, the camera panning over landscapes of cratered desolation, but the film would have been better without this lame *deus ex machina*. Meyer has already documented the reasons this is not going to happen; the President's appearance reasserts a context of conventional possibility which runs counter to everything the movie has established.

But then, conventional thinking is deeply embedded in ABC's approach to the film's screening. The network has chosen to follow the film with a list of recommended reading. A *balanced* list, mind you. Jonathan Schell is there, and George Kennan, but so are Henry Kissinger and Herman Kahn! Having portrayed the utter demolition of all conventional political categories and responses, ABC urges its viewers to sublimate their anxieties into the very modes

Lawrence Weschler is a staff writer at The New Yorker *and the author of* The Passion of Poland, *forthcoming from Pantheon.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of thought whose bankruptcy is the film's whole point.

"We were above all trying to avoid being seen as political," Brandon Stoddard, president of ABC Motion Pictures, assured a roomful of reporters following a preview a few weeks ago in New York City. Indeed, he went on, "Some of you might have noticed that completely unimportant line where a newsman reports that the Pershing 2s are being moved forward just prior to the Soviet invasion. Well, it's been cut, because it was creating some controversy." (William F. Buckley Jr. had objected in a recent column.) Aside from the fact that the preservation of a line thus singled out immediately becomes important in and of itself, the line also mattered because it pointed to one way in which deterrence may in fact break down. The volatility of the Pershings is one reason so many Europeans oppose them. *The Day After* makes a little less sense without the line, but no matter—God forbid anyone should misconstrue ABC as becoming politically relevant.

A few minutes later, a journalist angrily protested that the film implied Americans would be the first to use nuclear weapons: those three airbursts above the advancing Soviet troops (an advance which, without the reference to the Pershings, appears to come out of nowhere). Meyer insisted that the main point of that segment was the confusion—all those bulletins racing past one another—and that it would be clear to audiences that it was unclear who did what first. He might have added that it is the United States and not the Soviet Union which has refused to renounce the first use of nuclear weapons and that such a response is precisely how we are now slated to respond to a Soviet incursion into Western Europe. The journalist was not mollified, nor were some others. (The next day, the *New York Post* headlined its coverage of the preview "MOVIE LEAVES ITS STUNNED VIEWERS THINKING U.S. WOULD START A WAR"—this was a few days before the invasion of Grenada—and panned the film for its "unremittingly depressing vision of nuclear holocaust.") A few moments later, another reporter bluntly asked Stoddard whether the line about the three airbursts was secure from tampering; Stoddard refused to give a definite answer. Suddenly the preview audience was witness to a film beginning to self-destruct before its eyes. Who knew

AN EVENING IN SOLIDARITY WITH THE RIGHT TO REBEL

Spotlight on
Chile and Poland

With

ARIEL DORFMAN
Chilean writer, author of *Widows* and *The Emperor's Old Clothes*

and

DANIEL SINGER
Nation European correspondent, author of *The Road to Gdansk*.

Tuesday, November 29, 7:30 pm

Public School 41
116 West 11th Street
New York City

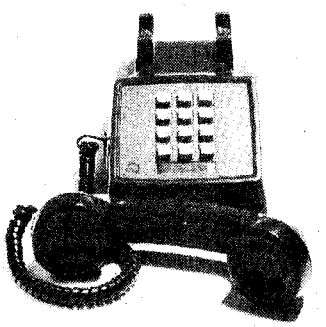
Admission $3

Sponsored by the Campaign for Peace and Democracy East and West, 301 West 105th Street, #2R, New York, NY 10025, (212) 222-9703.

NOW YOU CAN PUSH THE BUTTON TO STOP A NUCLEAR WAR.

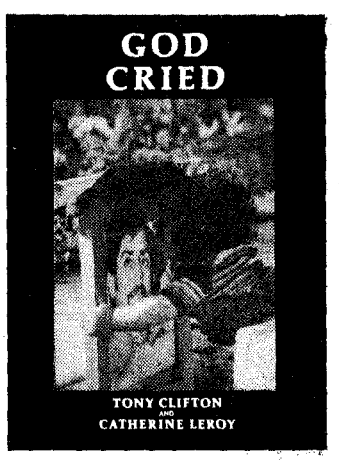
They have their hotline. Now we have ours. Call toll-free and order your *Nuclear War Prevention Manual*, the detailed guide to nuclear war and everything you can do to stop it. It might just be the most important phone call you ever made. Made possible by the Campaign Against Nuclear War and its affiliated organizations. ($5 suggested donation.)

THE NUCLEAR HOTLINE
800-528-6050 EXT. 99



Public Media Center

GOD CRIED



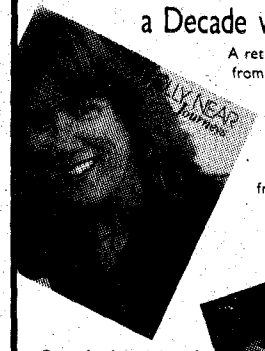
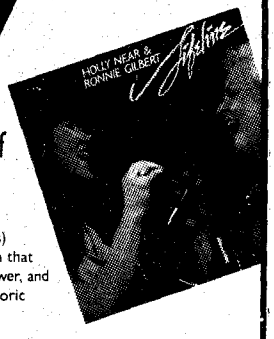
A personal account of the 1982 Siege of Beirut in words and pictures by Tony Clifton and Catherine Leroy

"I warmly recommend this impassioned book and its splendid photographs to all those who are not ashamed to feel angry at the decimation of Lebanon and the plight of the Palestinian civilians."
John Le Carré
June 1983

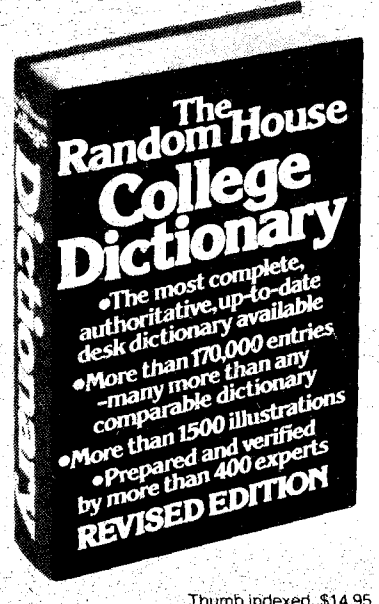
GOD CRIED
35 color, 66 b&w photographs
244 pp., $29.95

Available from Quartet Books Inc., 360 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10010 or from good bookshops.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make some
New Year's Revolutions
— at 33⅓ rpm —
Celebrate the Spirit of a Decade with Journeys
A retrospective of 12 favorites from Holly's first six albums—10 years of music that celebrates life, love, and visions for a better world. A great way to introduce Holly to a friend . . . and fuel for the long distance traveler.



Catch Hold of a Lifeline
Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert (of the Weavers) together! The live album that captures the warmth, power, and excitement of their historic performances.
Available at local stores or send $8.50 per album to Redwood Records, 476 W. MacArthur Blvd., Oakland, CA 94609. Both Available on cassette.
Also: New low prices on Holly's first 3 albums in your stores!

THE Smart GIFT

The Random House College Dictionary
•The most complete, authoritative, up-to-date desk dictionary available
•More than 170,000 entries —many more than any comparable dictionary
•More than 1500 illustrations
•Prepared and verified by more than 400 experts
REVISED EDITION
Thumb indexed $14.95
Deluxe edition $15.95
Plain edge $13.95
Now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE
Publishers of The Random House Dictionary of the English Language, Unabridged Edition

what other objections would be forthcoming, from Buckley, the *Post*, the White House? Who knew what would finally make it to the television screen on November 20, when ABC, following conventional programming practices during a network sweep week, had decided to slate the film opposite the first installment of NBC's miniseries *Kennedy*? □

A Paradise Without a Heart

DINITIA SMITH

TURTLE BEACH. *By Blanche d' Alpuget. Simon and Schuster. 287 pp. $14.95.*

The time is 1979. Troops are massing along the border between China and Vietnam. Tens of thousands of ethnic Chinese are fleeing Vietnam by boat, making their way across the beautiful but treacherous South China Sea. One of the refugees' principal destinations is the coast of Malaysia. Many will never make it: they will be raped and murdered by Thai pirates, or drown when passing ships refuse to pick them up as they try to swim ashore from their rotting boats. Even if they reach land, they may be stoned to death by local fishermen and Islamic fundamentalists, as their presence fans the old Malaysian hatred of the Chinese.

In this novel by Australian Blanche d'Alpuget, Turtle Beach is both setting and symbol: the Malaysian beach where the refugees attempt to land and a metaphor for their desperate urge to live. For thousands of years giant leatherbacks have come there in the moonlight to lay their eggs, most of which will be eaten or sold to tourists by local people. Miraculously, a few survive. To Turtle Beach in February 1979, just as events in Indochina are reaching a crescendo, comes Australian journalist Judith Wilkes to write a story on the boat people and the notorious transit camp on the island of Pulau Bidong. Here two latrines serve 30,000 people and the smell of excrement is noticeable 500 yards offshore; there is no electricity, no refrigeration and no medical supplies.

In Malaysia, Judith encounters Minou, a half-French, half-Chinese former prostitute from Vietnam who is now married to a high Australian official. Minou fled Vietnam in 1975, leaving behind her mother and her children. Now she wants to make sure her family will arrive safely on the Malaysian coast. Minou is a figure at once devious and heroic, brittlely modern: when someone fails to recognize her at a party, the former Saigon barmaid exclaims, "Never mind, la. All us gooks look the same, don't we?" Yet she is gripped by ancient superstitions, frantically consulting the I Ching for signs and portents, and believing that only her old Chinese mother can know the real reason the turtles keep returning to Turtle Beach.

While pursuing her story, Judith, who is unhappily married to an Australian politician, becomes infatuated with Kanan, a Hindu Malaysian of Indian ancestry. Exquisitely handsome, sexually compelling, Kanan looks "as if even his eyelashes were made personally by God." (Incidentally, the book jacket calls Kanan a "physician." Actually, he is a doctor of philosophy and history. Doesn't anyone over at Simon and Schuster check flap copy? By such carelessness on the part of publishers are the hearts of authors broken.)

Kanan and Judith never do make it to bed. In the book's climactic scene, their growing attraction is shattered. A boatload of refugees approaches Turtle Beach and Minou, thinking some may be her relatives, throws herself into the sea and drowns herself, perhaps in order to distract the local villagers from killing them. Judith watches the scene in horror while Kanan stands back passively. For him,

> The great wheel turned over, spinning individual consciousness, that woman, up and back into the eternal revolving force.
>
> "That is known as Satyagraha," he murmured to Judith.
>
> Her look was uncomprehending.

There is a basic incompatability between Kanan's Hindu fatalism and Judith's activist, interventionist Westernism, and although each is a citizen of the twentieth century, neither can deny the pull of their contradictory spiritual heritages.

Dinitia Smith is the author of a novel, The Hard Rain *(Dial). She is currently at work on a second novel, tentatively titled* The Child Who Would Not Sleep.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Minou's sacrifice is Judith's scoop, which, d'Alpuget implies, will help make Australia more willing to accept the boat people. How like Americans these Australians are: brash ex-colonials, frontier people, descendants of debtors and second sons, deeply racist and yet searching for sexual redemption among the exotic and dark-skinned. Indeed, there is something of Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet* in this book. D'Alpuget writes with great skill of a Malaysia that is lush and sensuous, a place of ancient and "barbaric" Hindu festivals, of cricket clubs left over from colonial days, peopled now by Chinese businessmen and indolent Malay royals with Oxbridge accents. (One of the clubs is affectionately known as The Dog Club, after a sign—"No Dogs or Chinese Allowed"—that once hung there.) It is a complex society rent by ethnic feuds and yet one in which whites, Indians, Chinese and Malayan Moslems are intermittently capable of coexisting. It is a "paradise," in the words of one Australian official, but also "a country without a heart."

Like V.S. Naipaul, d'Alpuget deftly captures the way in which the Third World has become a strange amalgam of East and West:

> "Mr. Adultery!" [Kanan's aunt wailed at him] ". . . he pollutes himself. He drinks poison, he eats cow flesh, he fornicates with casteless women. . . ."
>
> . . . . Kanan went on correcting his third year students' essays on twentieth-century cultural interchange.

And sometimes d'Alpuget's language achieves a real elegance. For Kanan, looking at his newborn daughter in a hospital nursery:

> Every tiny black head had a golden envelope of light. As his gaze wandered from one to the next he lost awareness of the limited world and floated upwards and hovered, looking down at the shimmering lights.

Like Graham Greene, d'Alpuget uses fine writing to turn a standard adventure story into an excellent novel with a powerful moral conscience. As are many of Greene's characters, Judith is a Catholic—lapsed, tormented, haunted by it still. (For Judith, the new English-language liturgy of the Catholic Mass is "like sex without lust.")

The story of *Turtle Beach* is a familiar one: a journalist in a foreign land, fascinated by the exotic, getting drunk with sources, torn between marriage and sexual adventure, between duty to family and to career, between personal moral urgency and the role of passive onlooker the profession requires. But in *Turtle Beach* the journalist is a woman, which both complicates matters and makes them more interesting. Ambitious, superbly competent, Judith worries about her looks and her lack of desire for her husband. She is determined to get her story at all costs, but she is caught in the web of her own tenderness. Faced with a boatload of starving refugees, she worries about her children back home who have measles. And in their own way her children truly do need her. The great weakness in Greene's books is that too often his women are ciphers. By creating a true female character and placing her at the center of the story, d'Alpuget gives it a more complex intellectuality, and gives the book a wider emotional range. *Turtle Beach* is a real story of a woman in our time. □

An Actor Prepares

TODD GITLIN

ON REAGAN: The Man & His Presidency. *By Ronnie Dugger. McGraw-Hill. 616 pp. $19.95.*

Journalism is a memory hole. In the perpetual present of the press, nothing is older than old news. The day's fix wears off quickly—that is journalism's institutional assumption. Its business is what happened today, not what happens every day or what happened last year.

From time to time, the more sophisticated newspapers and programs do refer us back to yesteryear. The great news organizations keep morgues (the term reveals the contempt, or irony, in which old facts are held) or, more fastidiously, libraries of old clips. But their main business is to crank out evanescent reports of the visible doings of the last twenty-four hours. By these blips we are supposed to know the world.

The consequences for public understanding are grave, and nowhere more so than in the reporting of Presidential elections. When politics degenerates into the construction of images, the "positioning" of Candidate X in a market occupied by Y and Z, even X's stated views are often treated as savvy moves in the great game. Aiming to debunk, the news media often join in the general cynicism. Jaded reporters regale us with the latest poop on the relative positions in the horse race, and "where the candidate stands" turns out to be on shifting sands.

Our President is an unusual politician, however. Ronald Reagan had been taking positions in public for three decades, and never more audibly than in the five years before the 1980 election. Five days a week between 1975 and 1979, he went on a national radio hookup with a full-blown right-wing version of the world. Twice a week he wrote a nationally syndicated newspaper column. He was as open a book to run for national office as any candidate since Thomas Jefferson. No doubt that is why his handlers successfully kept the radio transcripts from the press—which, true to its resolute superficiality, was content to let sleeping positions lie. Only Ronnie Dugger, erstwhile editor of *The Texas Observer*, was persistent enough to pry the transcripts loose; on the eve of the election, he published a distillation of these collected *pensées* of Mr. Nice Guy [see "Ronald Reagan and the Imperial Presidency," *The Nation*, November 1, 1980].

Given Jimmy Carter's haplessness, probably nothing could have kept Reagan from soft-shoeing his way to power. Came the landslide, and lo and behold, he began doing what for years he had said he was going to do. Now it was no mere freelance ideologue who was trashing Social Security, conjuring voodoo economics, dispatching Marines here and there, and crediting the Soviet Union with running peace demonstrations and stirring up every trouble in the world. Finally, the press remembered, in its usual "responsible" way, to report the bad news.

Dugger has collated the bad news and plugged the memory hole. His book contains few anecdotes, little biography, no inside dope on intrigue in the White House. Dugger simply gives us chapter after chapter, verse after verse of Reagan's pre-1980 positions and post-1980 policies. (For example, students of the gender gap please note that when a constituent wrote then-Gover-

Todd Gitlin's latest book is Inside Prime Time *(Pantheon). He is also the author of* The Whole World is Watching *(University of California Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nor Reagan, "I sneer at [women's] current drive for liberation—whatever the hell that means," Reagan wrote back, "I am pleased to tell you I share your views about women's liberation.") Moreover, in excruciating detail gathered from heaps of far-flung already-published reports, Dugger reminds us of the consequences: the growing poverty, the business giveaways, the pillage of land and sea, the smiling McCarthyism and trashing of civil liberties, the brandishing of Marines and the missile waving. In an appendix, Dugger also gives us over sixty pages of radio transcripts. Among my favorite quotes: "The Vietnam War was not a civil war. They have been separate nations for centuries," and "Andrew Mellon, who was secretary of the treasury under Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, in his book . . . explains why the progressive tax idea is really a rip-off, not of the rich but of the worker."

Delivered in his dulcet tones, Ronald Reagan's Greatest Hits probably sounded more mellow than they read. Make no mistake about it: the actor has been a rigid ideologue for a long time. As I write, with U.S. troops ensconced in Grenada, I turn to Dugger's appendix to find this 1979 radio item: "Congressman Steve Symms of Idaho . . . made a nine-day trip [to the Caribbean]. His summation is blunt and to the point. He says the Caribbean is rapidly becoming a Communist lake in what should be an American pond and the United States resembles a giant, afraid to move." *On Reagan* is as fresh as tomorrow's headlines, because Ronald Reagan is, as always, playing from a script, and the script is here.

Steadfastly liberal in a manner now out of fashion, Dugger has taken seriously what it means to turn government over to business and to dismantle the New Deal/Great Society heritage. Dugger doesn't call it class war, but on his evidence that is a reasonable approximation of what it amounts to. The particulars won't surprise regular readers of *The Nation*, but it's still awesome to contemplate Reagan's achievement and contemplate it whole, to see the larger patterns which the pile of everyday news sometimes obscures. If you haven't been able to stomach the last three years of reporting on the human damage done by Mr. Nice Guy, you'll find it organized for you here, a nonstop Thousand and One Nights of horror stories.

On the other side, however, Dugger's thoroughness results in a compendium that is too lumpy a read. It's as if Scheherazade had kept the world's largest clipping file. Writing at white heat, Dugger has gathered the bad news and dumped the files in front of us. He has read everybody's criticisms, but too often fails to go beyond them. (He even gives us a chapter of other people's anti-Reagan newspaper columns, to what purpose I can't fathom.) Perhaps little more could be expected from a casebook struggling to keep up with the latest atrocities. The results will still be useful: the book is out in time for the 1984 horse race. For all its limits, *On Reagan* is an invaluable reference, happily equipped with an index, and it should stand next to the Rolodex of every political reporter in the country.

The best part of the book is its end. Dugger gives us an important and lucid exposition of Reagan's thinking—if that is the right word—on nuclear war. Once more, this isn't original: Dugger draws heavily on Robert Scheer's reports in the *Los Angeles Times*, on Scheer's book *With Enough Shovels* and on scattered Op-Ed columns by various hands. After reading the closing chapter, we should not be astonished at the continuity between Reagan the

BILL OF RIGHTS DINNER
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2
SHERATON CENTRE HOTEL
52nd STREET, EAST OF 7th AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

TOM PAINE AWARD
to ANTHONY J. ALVARADO
by CORLISS LAMONT

Speaker SEYMOUR M. HERSH

Host MARY MOTHERSILL

Special Guest ARIELA GROSS

COCKTAILS 6-7 PM ROYAL BALLROOM
DINNER 7 PM IMPERIAL BALLROOM
COUVERT $50 PER PERSON

Space is limited.
For reservations contact
National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010
(212) 673-2040.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideologue of the airwaves and Reagan the man in charge of the button. "One must consider reaching the conclusion," Dugger writes with care, "that Ronald Reagan is the leader of elements in the government who want the United States to obtain a first-strike capability." Dugger makes a strong case that the MX, the Pershings and the bolstered civil defense apparatus form part of Reagan's grand design. As John Glenn circles the issues humming "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and Walter Mondale tries to position himself as Squire Allworthy, they should take the time to read *On Reagan* and reconsider what alternatives they can muster to offer a terrified world. □

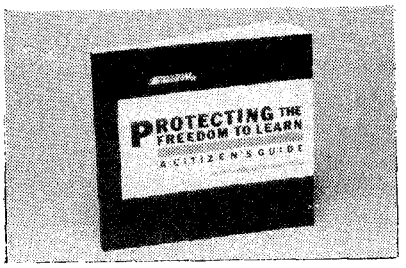
DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

"Set and Reset," a work for six dancers by Trisha Brown, was given its world premiere by the Trisha Brown Company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last month, and as usual with Brown, reactions were strongly divided. I think it is the most attractive new dance I've seen so far this season. The choreography is so elegant it's almost unctuous, but it drops little sharp images, like tacks on glass, as it goes, and by the end the boneless movement slip-sliding away evokes both ebbing pleasure and mounting terror. Brown continues to pose puzzles about perception. The disposable sensuality that her loose, hip-centered style has always registered is transformed here to ideas about how people can vanish.

The disappearances are achieved in startling bravura stunts. One that everyone remembers is a moment of flying Apache partnering for Brown herself: first she's upright on both feet, then, without preparation, she's horizontal in the air. Someone casually loops over and arrests her in midflight, and she's gone—absorbed, one guesses, into the flux. Dancers also "disappear" into lineups, into ambiguous groupings one can barely make out at the edge of the stage, into the cloud of their own virtuosity. (Brown's dancers have grown so proficient at reproducing her style that they seem to have vanished into it as stage personalities.) Without losing its opulence, the movement gradually takes on an edge. The patterns get

"A censor is a man who knows more than he thinks you ought to."
—Granville Hicks, author/poet



The more you know about censors, the better you'll be able to stop them. This new 125-page guide will tell you how to support your public schools and libraries and protect the freedom to learn.

"It's a gem! An excellent piece of work that will be tremendously helpful to people who are trying to stop Far Right extremists from censoring books and ideas."
—David Cohen, past president Common Cause

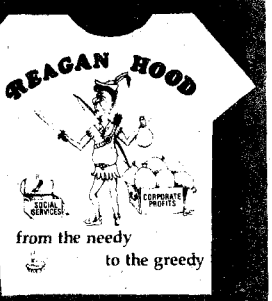
TO ORDER: Send $9.50 to:
People for the American Way
1424 16th St., N.W., Suite 601
Washington, D.C. 20036

Reagan Hood T-Shirt

5 color design on white t-shirt of 100% cotton. U.S. made. All adult sizes available: s, m, lg, xl.

$6.95 each, postage & handling included. Wholesale inquiries welcome

Banners, Flags, Sweatshirts, T-Shirts

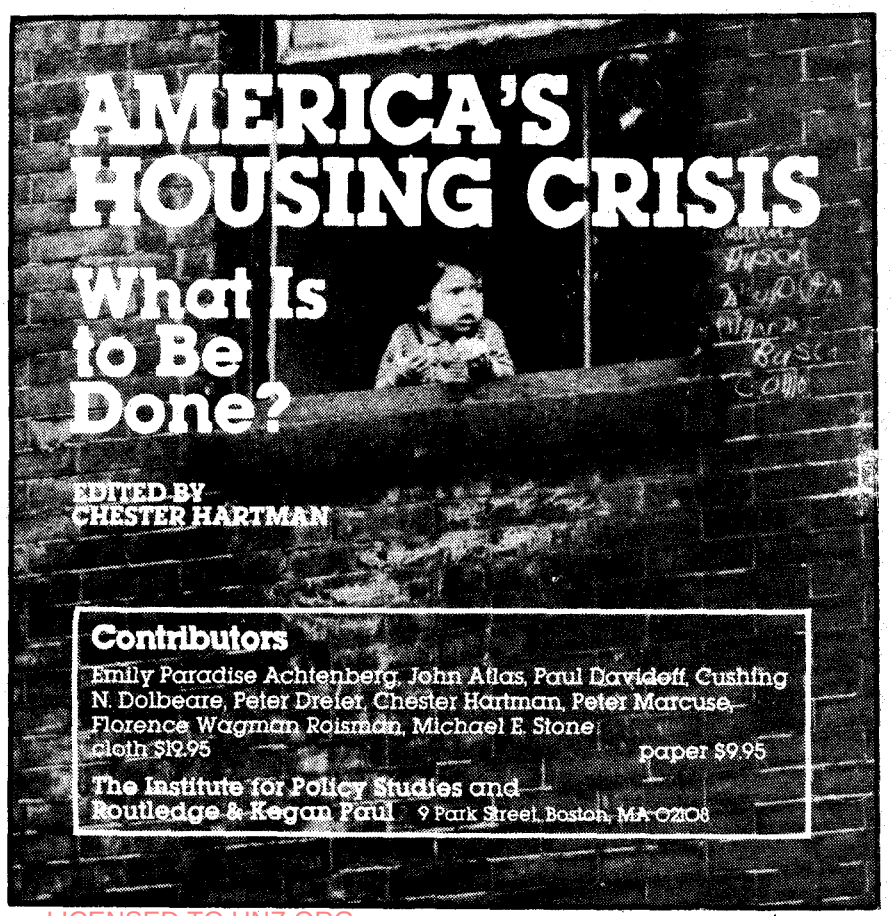


from the needy to the greedy

Please send check or money order to
Libre Silk Screen Printing Inc.
82 Wall St., Suite 1105, New York, NY 10005
(212) 509-2611

Join The Nation Associates, a group of loyal and committed *Nation* readers who provide invaluable support for the magazine through annual contributions of $20 or more. Membership includes participation in a variety of Associates activities and a subscription to "The Nation Associate," a newsletter that tells you what's going on behind the scenes at *The Nation*.

For further information write or call Claudine Bacher, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to The Nation Associates.


AMERICA'S HOUSING CRISIS
What Is to Be Done?
EDITED BY CHESTER HARTMAN
Contributors
Emily Paradise Achtenberg, John Atlas, Paul Davidoff, Cushing N. Dolbeare, Peter Dreier, Chester Hartman, Peter Marcuse, Florence Wagman Roisman, Michael E. Stone
cloth $12.95
paper $9.95
The Institute for Policy Studies and Routledge & Kegan Paul 9 Park Street, Boston, MA 02108

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS.

NEW YORK PREMIERE

WOLF BIERMANN: "Political Love Songs"

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 7:30 pm

A benefit performance for the Riverside Church Disarmament Program, 490 Riverside Drive (at 120th Street), New York City.

Tickets: $5. Information: (212) 222-5900, ext. 349.

AN EVENING IN SOLIDARITY WITH THE RIGHT TO REBEL

Spotlight on Chile and Poland

With **ARIEL DORFMAN**, Chilean writer, author of *Widows* and *The Emperor's Old Clothes*, and **DANIEL SINGER**, *Nation* European correspondent, author of *The Road to Gdansk*.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 7:30 pm

Public School 41
116 West 11th Street
New York City

Admission $3

Sponsored by the Campaign for Peace and Democracy East and West, 301 West 105th Street, #2R, New York, NY 10025, (212) 222-9703.

WHAT PAROLE STANDS FOR IN NEW YORK STATE

A dialogue sponsored by the HUMANIST SOCIETY OF METROPOLITAN NEW YORK a chapter of the American Humanist Association

Guest Speaker: HON. EDWARD R. HAMMOCK
Chairman, N.Y. State Division of Parole

Chairman: DR. JULIUS J. MANSON
Monday, December 12

The New York University Club
123 West 43rd Street
New York City

6:30 pm Dinner and Reception, $19
8 pm Dialogue only $5

Please send your name, address, phone and affiliation with your check payable to: Humanist Society of Metropolitan NY, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017. Reservations limited. For information call Jesse Gordon, (212) 687-2477.

Events.

I have enclosed _____ camera ready ad
_____ copy to be set

_____ inches per ad
_____ times ad should run

$_____ check or money order

Name _____

Organization _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____

The Nation is published on Saturdays. It reaches subscribers and newsstands 5 days in advance of Saturday cover date.

We need your ad or copy by Wednesday, 17 days prior to cover date. We will accept phone-in copy. Call George Monaco (212) 242-8400.

Rates: $35 per column inch. **Special offer, limited time only!** 4 ads for the price of 3.

more severe and the attack more charged, although the continuity remains as unwavering as an astronaut's voice. Laurie Anderson wrote and performed (with Dickie Landry) the score—music for violin, alto sax and the voice of the composer, who from time to time recites the song title "Long Time No See." The melodies were prettier and the rhythms more elastic than most of the work in Anderson's epic "U.S.A.," but the combination of electric sound and affectless chant remains ghostly indeed.

The glamour and anxiety of Brown's dance are heightened and dramatized by Robert Rauschenberg's "visual presentation" which accompanies it. The set proper consists of a huge white rectangle flanked by two pyramids. Suddenly, they all turn out to be movie screens on which are projected—straight, at angles, in clusters, side by side, or teething on each other—black-and-white films of commerce, the armed forces, everyday life. Banal documentaries shot from below, they're arranged to show off their surfaces—magnificent abstract patterns of gray, silver and white, like Rauschenberg's still photos featured several seasons back in Brown's "Glacial Decoy." The Rauschenberg costumes, lit by Beverly Emmons to the gleam of silk sheets observed under a flame, are soft pajamas imprinted with photographic images. They, too, hover between surface and substance, making the dancers seem now chic, now shade. Thinking of them as I traveled home, the whole city looked different. Even the clumps of newspapers and rags I knew were sleeping human beings looked fresh and rare, and more imperiled than ever.

Lucinda Childs's piece for a dozen dancers, "Available Light," given its New York City premiere last month at BAM, although full of admirably plotted pattern, seemed brittle and worn. Observed close up, Childs's own dancing is marked by small-scale drama, like someone walking a tightrope. Her steps, most of them balletic, are linked with simplicity and directness, and the continuous play of muscles in her body make for complex action, too. Since her dances are performed at high speed in austere patterns, the slight hesitancies and adjustments that contribute to her own quality as a performer take on psychological color. At the center of her choreography, it seems, is a very human figure. Her large screen-star face and disinterested manner also leave a resonant impression. In a brief solo—like the one she performed earlier this month at St. Mark's Church In-The-Bowery during one of the memorial programs dedicated to the late poet and dance critic Edwin Denby—Childs can create a classical effect with her leaps and slides and spins along a few exhaustively traced figures. Expanded to an opera house stage and lengthened to an hour, however, her work looks detached and cold, and everything that interests me about its tensions between formal rigor and human endurance freezes off. At "Available Light," the melodious and pulsing music by John Adams and the aggressive set by architect Frank Gehry—it resembled the entrance to a stadium—were of continuing interest. It was the dancers from whom the time and space appeared to leach power. A peculiar thing, since Childs is working with people who've danced strongly and freely elsewhere. One person who caught my attention for his outstanding energy and resilience, however, was Garry Reigenborn, whose double dance with Priscilla Newell at the end (the two didn't touch but traveled in sync separately) was almost conventionally affecting.

Edwin Denby (1903-1983), the subject of three memorial programs organized this month by the dancer William Dunas, was an American who danced, a dancer who wrote poetry and a poet who composed criticism. He was loved from afar by strangers like me for the childlike fix of his attention, his resilient step in the depths of nighttime New York, his mystical sensitivity to the weight and measure of expression, and the radiance of his smile in a loft or theater. His poems, especially those from his middle years, suggest a galvanizing rage and a searing gift for fantasy. But most people were gathered at St. Mark's and the Lincoln Center Library to celebrate his dance criticism, which is cherished by writers and by artists of all sorts. His standards were probably higher than those of today's critics, but they were never narrow. Somehow he managed to deliver judgment without condemnation. He didn't tell you what something lacked, he made clear what it had.

Reading Denby, one learns much, including what helps to make art classical. His idea of classic dance encompassed more than ballet. It was a matter of imagination rather than medium. Denby

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enjoyed largeness of conception, ranging impulses, confidence, directness and respect for materials. For him, classicism affirmed the intrinsic expressiveness of dancing's basic elements—rhythm, phrasing, continuity, shape; he valued choreographers who could dramatize the emotion of motion, no matter what their training. Of all the tributes to him, I was most taken by the solo that modern dancer Douglas Dunn offered at St. Mark's. Variously grave and light, entrancingly awkward in its placement of feet and hands, it was like a vernacular poem by a Latinist. The prosody was a marvel. Cranky little movements were played like grace notes to expansive ones, the unfailing momentum was a master's; yet it seemed all fresh thought. Large dancing for a measureless loss. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 522*)

tion that publishers have a responsibility to writers, and for that reason it marks a victory. But the settlement does not, as Davis argues, disprove the charges of inaccuracy leveled against her. Since the suit will not be tried, the issues remain unresolved legally.

I agree with Richard Cohen that book publishers ought to check the facts in their books, and also that there was nothing subtle about Bradlee's letter to H.B.J. But rumors emanating from *The Washington Post* that the book's editor, Gene Stone, had been fired and that Bradlee would make Stone's life miserable because of the book constitute the kind of pressure that only powerful people can exercise.

The First Amendment provides for vigorous discussion of public issues and even allows room for errors, which should be corrected not by censorship but by errata slips, corrected subsequent editions and debate. Certainly Bradlee and Graham have no difficulty reaching the public with their side of the story.

Finally, Cohen must know he is wrong in claiming that mistakes never find their way into reputable newspapers and magazines. A *Post* reporter won a Pulitzer Prize for an article that was fictitious. If every book that contained an error were shredded, as Davis's was, libraries would be small indeed.

Eve Pell

REPLY

The error Richard Cohen cites and corrects, concerning Ben Bradlee's World War II service, resulted from an editor's query being inadvertently converted into a statement of fact during the checking and editing process.

—The Editors

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ARTISTS' GRANTS

ARTISTS! CASH GRANTS! Available all fields. Cash from foundations, corporations, governments. Ask for FREE valuable report. WIAL, Box 15240, Washington, DC 20003.

ASSOCIATIONS

TECHNOCRACY . . . Designed direction for North America's social operation. Write Continental Headquarters, Box 238, Savannah, OH 44874.

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

BOOKS

"136+ BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS." Unique booklist. More! $3 to: CPU, PO Box 200, Redmond, WA 98052.

EVANGELIZATION AND POLITICS, Sergio Arce and Oden Marichal, eds. A challenge to the serious student of the theology of liberation. $4.95 plus 75¢ postage to NY CIRCUS, POB 37, New York, NY 10108.

IF YOU THINK PRESIDENT REAGAN is doing a good job, you must obtain REAGAN "B" ACTOR; "A" PRESIDENT? Send $12 TODAY for postpaid, personally autographed, numbered collector's copy: FAMILY UNITY, SRI, Box 730, Anza, CA 92306.

PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL!

Learn the world's great secret: how the Roman Calpurnius Piso (pen-name Flavius Josephus) and family created fictional Jesus, Christianity, authored NT. POSITIVE PROOF, legitimate offer. SCHOLARLY BOOKLET: Send $3 to Vector, Box 6215-E, Bellevue, WA 98008

KNOW YOUR LOCAL POLICE
by Mae Churchill

24 pages of questions for reporters, editors and citizens.

- police as protectors of public safety
- police as instruments of justice
- police as intelligence agents
- police and the public purse
- police as public servants
- police as professionals

Order from:
URBAN POLICY RESEARCH INSTITUTE
185 Pier Street,
Santa Monica, CA 90405.
$2.50/single copy, prepaid.
$1.75/10 or more, prepaid.

BOOKS

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)

Unique guide to self-deliverance for dying persons $11 p/p. Membership (incls. newsletter) $15. Non-profit.
Hemlock Society, P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066. Phone (213) 391-1871

EROTICA. Fine material bought & sold. Latest catalogue $2. SCHEINER, 275 Linden, Brooklyn, NY 11226.

PERIPHERAL AMERICAN, by Matthew Carney, is "great book" category. Cloth $14.95, paper $9.95. Caislan Press, Box 28371, San Jose, CA 95159.

ALCATRAZ 2. Aleixandre, Bukowski, Cardenal, Cortazar, Pavese, Major, Kirsch, Alegria, Drachler, Coleman, Herrera, Mackey, Nettelbeck, Blazek, Fisher, Olds, and many more. "Vigorous populist/surrealist/political art."—Exquisite Corpse. 330 pages. $8 (plus $1 postage and handling) from Alcatraz Editions, 354 Hoover Road, Santa Cruz, CA 95065.

SELF-DETERMINATION & THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN PEOPLE, by James R. Forman, Ph.D. The most recent book by a monumental civil rights leader, political thinker and author of THE MAKING OF BLACK REVOLUTIONARIES. $5, or $3 each for 5 or more copies. Open Hand Publishing Inc., 210 7th Street, S.E., Washington, DC 20003. Phone (202) 544-3883.

EDUCATION

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA
Learn about the revolution firsthand.
Year-round course offerings.
Casa Nicaraguense de Español.
Phone (212) 949-4126 or write: 70 Greenwich Ave., #559, New York, NY 10011.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES a year while striding for exercise. PO Box 1727, 200 Language Club, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

GERMAN IN 3 WEEKS! Complete course. Excellent for travelers, students. Send $14.95 to Ronin Communications, 2922 Grendon Lane, Baltimore, MD 21234.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST CROSSWORD PUZZLES
are collected in Frank Lewis's latest book, #4. Send $3.75 to E.S. Lewis, 62 Fort St., Fairhaven, MA 02719.

GENERAL INTEREST

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS by a graduate of The Graphology Workshop, New School for Social Research. $25. Mary L. Orloff, 1540 York Avenue, New York, NY 10028.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

INSURANCE

DONALD SHAFFER ASSOCIATES, INC.
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
212-895-7005, 516-466-4642

MERCHANDISE

NEGATIVE ION GENERATORS. Free brochure. Product comparisons. Special discounts. Write: Wellspring, Box 3202-NA, Winchester, VA 22601-2402.

1984 T-SHIRTS. "Ignorance is Strength," "War is Peace," or "Freedom is Slavery." Each signed: George Orwell-1984. Black on red, light blue or white (s, m, l, xl). $7.50 (plus $1.50 postage per order. N.Y.S. residents add sales tax). EDROZZO, 44 Fifth Avenue, Department B-4, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

COSMIC HOLIDAY GIFTS. Glow-in-the-dark star maps, showing the heavens over the U.S. and elsewhere, fit over anyone's bed. They are available for $10 from Lawrence Deckman, 2406 Lawrence Street, Eugene, OR 97405.

FOR FREE bookmark, specify favorite color and SASE to: Pridham Art, Wayland, Box 3149, Providence, RI 02906.

MISCELLANEOUS

PLANNED COMMUNITY LIVING, a new way of life. A special place to live, work and play. A choice for the '80s. Write Box 521, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

PERSONALS

ORIENTAL WOMEN wish to correspond with Americans. Cherry Blossoms, PO Box 1021NA, Honokaa, HI 96727.

UNATTACHED? Meet aware, literate singles. Lowest fee. Call DATELINE—free: 800-451-3245.

PERSONALS

SOPHISTICATED SCANDINAVIANS, all ages, seek enlightened correspondence, lasting relationships. Details: SCANNA-N, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles. 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

LITERATE SINGLES ADVERTISE FREE in CONTACT magazine. Nationwide. Details free (current issue, $3). Write: CONTACT, Box 500E, Mendocino, CA 95460.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT JOBS. $16,559-$50,553/year. Now hiring. Your area. Call (805) 687-6000, ext. R-3596.

PUBLISHER (part time) for SOCIALIST REVIEW. Newly created position; full responsibility for expanding established fundraising program. SR operates collectively, staff paid equally ($15,000), percent time negotiable. Apply before January 14 to Dick Bunce, Socialist Review, 3202 Adeline Street, Berkeley, CA 94703, (415) 547-3732.

POSITIONS DESIRED

FREELANCE RESEARCH AVAILABLE. Politics and the social sciences a specialty. Hourly or per project rate. Excellent references. (212) 626-0574.

UNLICENSED CARPENTER builds walls, closets and shelves at reasonable rates. Call Tony at (212) 242-8400 weekdays.

HAVING A PARTY? Expert bartender and caterer. 5 years experience. Why pay more? Call Seth, (212) 242-8400 (weekdays), (201) 763-8599 (nights and weekends).

MURALIST, skilled, educated and experienced, seeks challenging commissions anywhere, or teaching position in S.F. Bay area. Works well with diverse community groups. Mike Mosher, 47 Clarion Alley, San Francisco, CA 94110, (415) 621-7683.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $1 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

ENVIRONMENTAL OPPORTUNITIES: A monthly bulletin listing environmental job openings in the U.S. Write today for details: EONT, Box 670 Walpole, NH 03608.

FREE 61-page pamphlet, "Capitalism and Unemployment," with $4 for one-year subscription to biweekly socialist newspaper. The People (N), 914 Industrial Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

NEW! WOMEN'S REVIEW OF BOOKS, informed opinion on current feminist writing. Published monthly. Subscriptions: $12 U.S., $15 Canada, $25 institutions. FREE sample copy on request. Dept. NA, Women's Review, Wellesley Women's Research Center, Wellesley, MA 02181.

PROGRESSIVE PERIODICALS DIRECTORY now available! Good for publicity, networking, subscription details on 400 periodicals on peace, politics, international culture, health, etc. $4 from Box N-120574, Nashville, TN 37212.

QUERIES

DO YOU KNOW anyone who would repair a manually operated Seth Thomas table clock? Please call Greta at (212) 242-8400, weekdays between 9:30 and 5:30.

RECIPES

NEED A GREAT guacamole recipe? Try mine! $1, SASE. Lynn Rogers, 1393 Noe, San Francisco, CA 94131.

TRAVEL

MARAZUL

Marazul Tours, Inc.
250 West 57 Street
Suite 1311
New York, N.Y. 10107
212-582-9570
800-223-5334

The Progressive Professionals

Marazul Tours is a full service travel agency. In addition to our specialized programs to Cuba and Nicaragua, Marazul can handle all of your travel arrangements—whether you plan to fly, take the train or the bus. For business trips, conferences or vacation, contact us—the progressive professionals at Marazul Tours!

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION*:

RATES: $.80 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $35/column inch. Copy deadline 17 days prior to issue date. **Payment must accompany order.**

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. N.Y. 10011

Enclosed is my check for $____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

Freighter Cruises
First Class For $50 A Day!

Discover the luxury cruise you've dreamed of. *TravLtips Cruise & Freighter Travel Association* will show you how. Membership includes:

- *FREE* bi-monthly publication describing cruises in detail, schedules, fares and facts
- Personalized help with trip planning
- Eligibility for exclusive voyages
- Membership fee applied to first cruise

$15.00 (one year) or $25.00 (2 years)

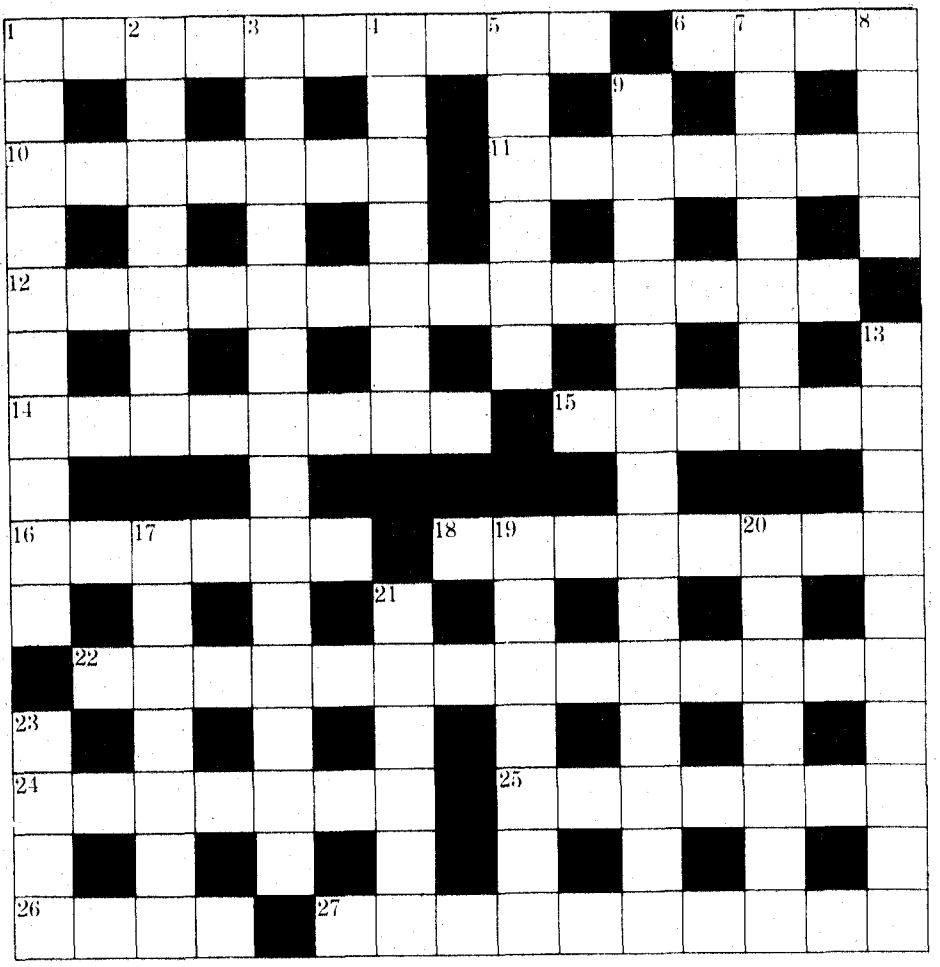
Send check, m.o., or major credit card no. or ask for free details:

TravLtips
Dept U7 Box 188 Flushing NY 11358
Add $2 per year U.S. funds for Canada & Mexico

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1985

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Is it the masculine gene that produces a criminal? (10)
6 and 2 down Would one of these be called a low-grade salt? (11)
10 Showing the bare gum perhaps could imply a shade of resentment! (7)
11 They might close things up, but are not very popular with most nature lovers. (7)
12 One hopes the president doesn't turn it into a rocker. (3,4,2,5)
14 Kids at the amusement park might be looking for such, but Cassius said Caesar did it to the narrow world. (8)
15 It's not unusual to find such a rocker in the nursery. (6)
16 It might be placed on board, but sounds as though it should be worn around the neck. (6)
18 Could it be made from conifers? Well, it's argumentative! (8)
22 Not necessarily a holiday at the spa, though it might be a break for the students. (6,8)
24 Rocks obtained from E. St., extended. (7)
25 Stupid, like one baseball team, as they say. (7)
26 Hurried activity in the plant. (4)
27 POW! That's what he got! (10)

DOWN

1 Climb the east side of the river, and you'll find the pitchman. (10)
2 See 6 across
3 Light-headed? (A noteworthy achievement with the plant getting poured on.) (14)
4 Sounded like peepers! (7)
5 Get it in the toss, if you want to get set, in a sense. (6)
7 Related for a change to what might be placed on watch. (7)
8 See 23
9 A ragged thing, or a sort of man related to it. (14)
13 Going down! (10)
17 One little dog, several cats, perhaps, and some doll-like figures. (7)
19 Salt that implies an animal comes to a dead end. (7)
20 It's not a legal way to go. (7)
21 Urges one to breakfast? (4,2)
23 and 8 Rats! It's that song again! (8)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words; write for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's "ground rules" c/o *The Nation*. Learn why "little skipper" is a "truant."

WEALTH BUILDING

BECOME WEALTHY! CPA tells how. Money-back guarantee. $10 postpaid (plus 65¢ tax—Californians). BOTTOM LINE PRE$$, PO Box 31420, Dept. TN, San Francisco, CA 94131.

ATTENTION GETTERS!

The Nation Classifieds are just that. Over 210,000 creative, involved and interested people read and respond to our Classified section each week. And our prices are incredibly reasonable. So if you want to get people's attention, fill out the coupon opposite this page and mail it in *today*!

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1984

R	O	U	N	D	H	E	A	D	S		A	M	I	D
E		S		E		X		E		P		A		I
S	T	E	E	P	L	E		R	E	A	C	H	E	S
T		L		O		R		B		R		A		I
	K	E	N	T	U	C	K	Y		L	A	T	I	N
S		S				I				A		M		F
H	O	S	T	S		S	U	L	K	Y	R	A	C	E
E				T		E		I		E				C
L	O	W	B	R	I	D	G	E		D	E	A	L	T
L		A		A				I				L		S
B	R	Y	A	N		W	I	N	P	L	A	C	E	
A		L		G		A		W		A		O		E
C	H	A	S	E	R	S		A	N	D	S	H	O	W
K		I		R		T		I		L		O		E
S	U	D	S		B	E	S	T	S	E	L	L	E	R

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305

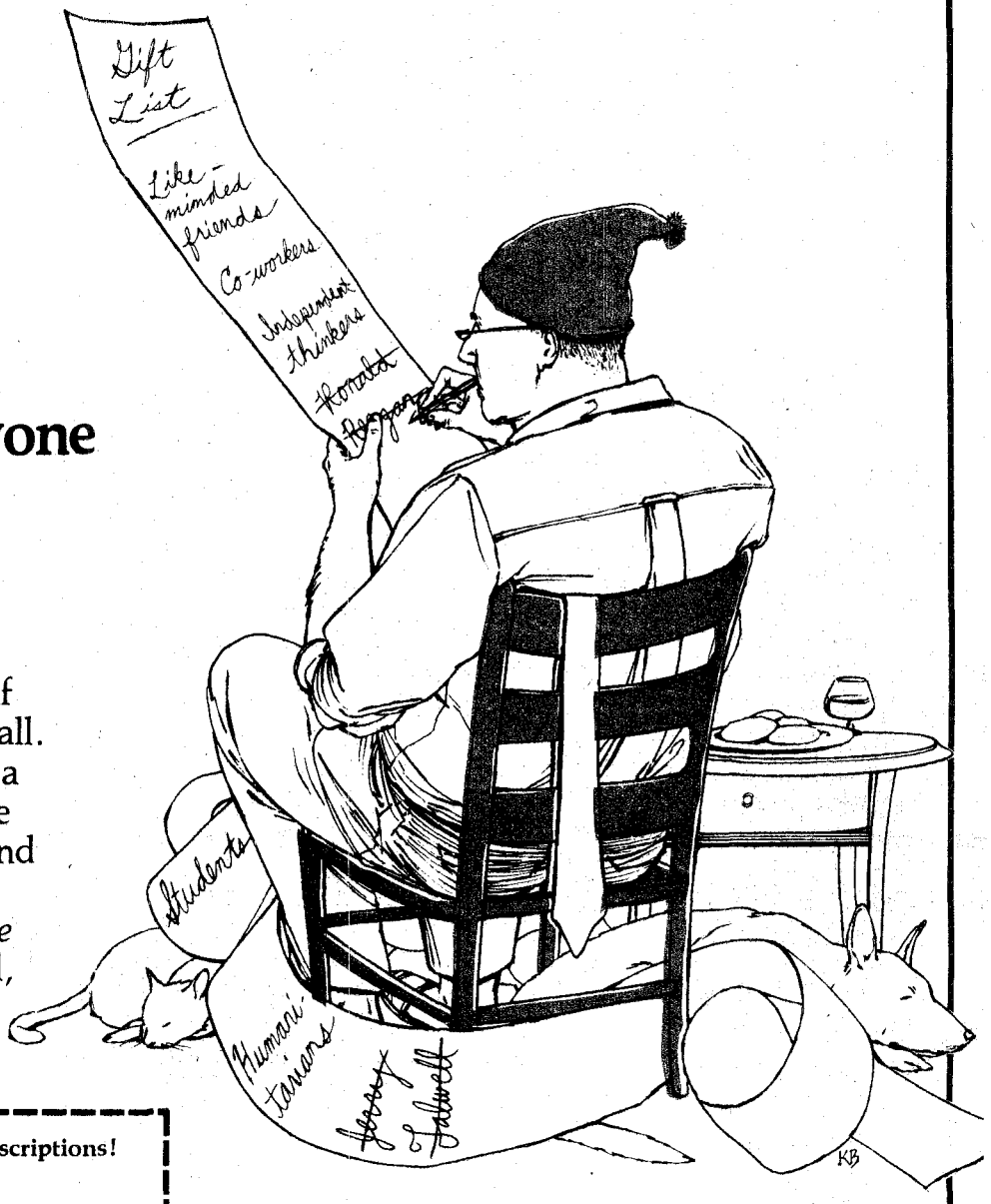
X-523

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation.

The perfect gift for *almost* everyone on your holiday gift list

Ronald Reagan and Jerry Falwell would be happier if *The Nation* didn't exist at all. But for people who prefer a little more truth and a little less hypocrisy than they find in most of the media these days, a subscription to *The Nation* makes a wonderful, thoughtful gift.



At least 50 percent off on all gift subscriptions!

1 year—47 issues
First gift—$17.50
Each additional gift—$15.

YOUR NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP _____

☐ Send gift card(s) to recipient(s).
Signed _____
☐ Send gift cards to me in time for holiday giving.

Please send gift subscriptions to:

NAME_____
ADDRESS _____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP _____

NAME_____
ADDRESS _____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP _____

Please add $7 per year, Canada; $13 per year, other foreign countries. Payment in U.S. funds only.

For additional gifts attach list.
☐ Enclosed is $_____for_____subscription(s).
☐ Bill me later.

SEND TO: THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305.

MD342

- You'll be providing friends with *The Nation*'s compelling combination of investigative reporting and independent opinion, sparked by such contributors as E.L. Doctorow, Jessica Mitford, Kurt Vonnegut, Peter Matthiessen and Calvin Trillin.
- You'll be supporting one of the country's leading organs of dissent—when it's needed most.
- You'll be doing yourself a favor—particularly when you remember what it's like trying to pick out last-minute gifts come December.
- You'll be getting a special bargain rate: $17.50 for the first gift (a saving of 50 percent off the regular subscription price) and only $15 for each additional gift.

The Nation will send a handsome holiday announcement card to each recipient or, if you prefer, will send cards directly to you in time for holiday giving.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED